

THE GIRL ELVIS PRESLEY WILL MARRY!

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PLUS

TV-LAND

Screenland

Loretta Young:
The gal who
conquered time

Tony Curtis:
I've got
nothing to hide"

Sheilah Graham's
Hollywood Lowdown



DEBBIE REYNOLDS

**New doctor prescribed wonder drug
does away with all special diets!**



YOU MUST LOSE UP TO 49 POUNDS OR WE PAY YOU \$14.00!

Never before! Now an amazing wonder drug contained in RX-120 available without a prescription! A miracle drug prescribed and tested by thousands of doctors for over 10 years! Take off ugly fat without special diets, without habit-forming drugs, calorie counting, exercise, hunger pangs, massage! Your own doctor can tell you about this great new victory over obesity!

Of all the problems that have baffled medical science, obesity has been one of the toughest to lick! Think of it—there are 67 million overweight men and women in America and nothing sold without a prescription—until this electrifying discovery . . . has done any good! Do you wonder why the whole medical profession is enthused about this amazing development that has produced such astonishing results when tried by thousands of doctors . . . when tested with brilliant success on thousands of patients? Do you wonder why the United States Government was happy to release this formula as SAFE to sell over any drug counter in the United States WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION? This is tremendous news . . . news that can change your whole life, lengthen your life span, make you healthier, happier, more active, younger looking . . . slender and glamorous instead of "matronly."

Yes, RX-120 is the fabulous formula scientists have sought for since Dr. Nooden published his report on obesity back in 1900. Everything offered without a prescription since then has failed miserably—chewing gums, liquids, powders, crackers and hundreds of other so called reducing preparations. You can take your doctor's word for it, the wonder drug in RX-120 does work . . . it helps you take off up to 49 pounds. The most extensive clinic testing ever devoted to any drug is back of RX-120. There's never been such overwhelming medical evidence, such convincing PROOF! There are no "ifs, ands or buts" with this miracle drug. In fact, we are so positive we will pay you \$14.00 if you don't take off up to 49 pounds. Never before has any pharmaceutical company put such a daring guarantee in WRITING! The truth is no one could make such a guarantee because up to now there never has been a wonder drug sold over the counter that does such an amazing job of taking off unattractive excess weight!

HERE'S HOW YOU PROVE IT YOURSELF!

We don't have to tell you all the products you've wasted your money on trying to gain back your youthful figure are either frauds or too dangerous! You know this. Think back—you tried tablets that were supposed to put bulk in your stomach, you nibbled on cookies, ate crackers, swallowed liquid drops, tried chewing gums, ate candies,

vitamin mixtures, went nearly out of your mind with calorie counters, pages of special diets! You got nervous, jumpy as a cat on risky drugs that many doctors condemned because of dangerous side effects! You'll be happy to hear all this is a thing of the past! Amazing new RX-120 contains such an advanced wonder drug it makes all other so called reducers old fashioned. RX-120 is an honest product. It really works! It's backed by more medical evidence than any other product ever sold to take off fat! No other effective product has proven so SAFE . . . that's why the United States Government released it safe without a prescription in every city and hamlet in 48 states. It's true RX-120 will positively take off up to 49 pounds of excess weight caused by overeating or we'll pay you \$14.00. There's no doubt about it. Here's one product you don't risk one cent to PROVE! It really works!

Think of it! You must lose 9 pounds in 10 days . . . 18 pounds in 20 days . . . 27 pounds in 30 days . . . and 49 pounds in 8 weeks . . . or the medicine is FREE. Now here's our unheard of offer—read it carefully. You must lose the minimum number of pounds stated here with RX-120 or we'll give you back every cent you paid for each vial of RX-120 tablets!

PROOF POSITIVE!

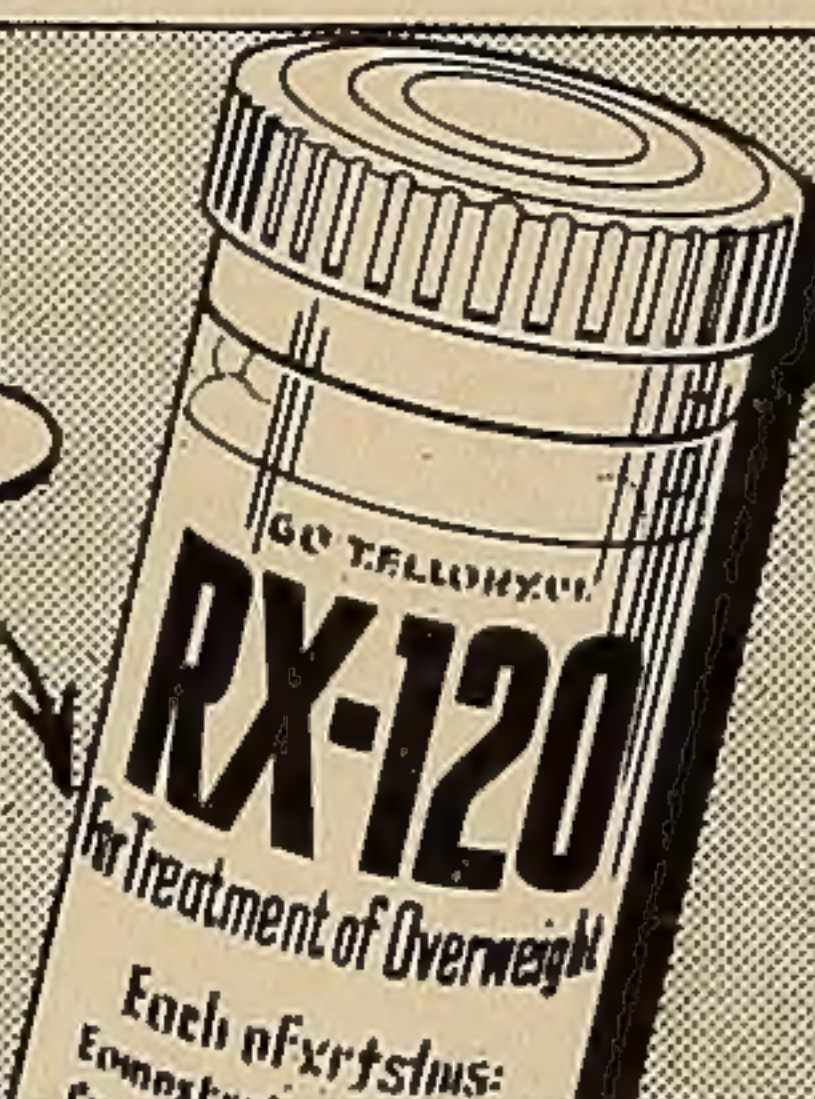
You must lose 49 POUNDS in 8 weeks or we'll pay you \$14.00	You must lose 27 POUNDS in 30 days or we'll pay you \$7.00
You must lose 18 POUNDS in 20 days or we'll pay you \$5.00	You must lose 9 POUNDS in 10 days or we'll pay you \$3.00

Let's make this perfectly clear. If you take RX-120 for 10 days and don't lose at least 9 pounds, we'll send you a check for \$3.00. If you don't lose at least 18 pounds in 20 days, we'll send you a check for \$5.00. If you don't get rid of at least 27 pounds in 30 days, we'll send you a check for \$7.00. If you don't lose at least 49 pounds in only two months, we'll send you a check for \$14.00. Did you ever read an offer

The only reducing product where you see these words on the label!

"FOR TREATMENT OF OVERWEIGHT"

The law doesn't permit any other type of reducing product to print this on the label. Any government agent can tell you why. Because other types of reducing products just don't work. Unlike these other products, the miracle drug contained in RX-120 is a real medicine, a tested formula—made exclusively "to reduce excess weight." It really works! You don't have to count calories, follow a dull plan, exercise, eat special foods, resort to iron will power. Take these tiny, tasteless pills as directed! You'll be amazed at how fast you really take off ugly fat! You may lose up to 49 pounds or we'll pay you \$14.00.



like this in your life? No—and you NEVER WILL—because only a good product that does everything claimed could be backed by such a guarantee!

HERE'S HOW RX-120 WORKS!

Unlike other reducing products you may have tried, new RX-120 works on an entirely different principle. It does four amazing things starting the very second you swallow the first tiny tablet—

- (1) It depresses your appetite.
- (2) It acts on your central nervous system; decreases your desire for food.
- (3) It acts in your intestinal tract—fights hunger contractions—telegraphs a "stop signal" to your brain when you're tempted to overeat or indulge in between-meal snacks!
- (4) It makes the food you eat stay in your stomach for a longer period.

Just think what this means to you! With this amazingly SAFE formula—that does not have the terrible side effects of other reducing drugs—your body will oxidize fat automatically as you eat less food . . . excess weight will literally vanish into thin air! Yes, your weight goes down, down, down every single day. The exciting part is you don't have to torture yourself with starvation diets! You don't have to take food supplements, habit-forming drugs! You don't have to follow long winded reducing plans! You don't have to bore yourself counting calories! You don't have to exercise, spend miserable hour after hour in reducing salons! A whole new world will open up as you discover you can eat and enjoy the thousands of delicious, nutritious low calorie foods! You will live an active normal life—feel better than you ever did in your life—while you TRIM down to a glamorous figure in days, weeks! For now at last you can get RX-120 containing the new doctor tested wonder drug—without a prescription!

**HELPS YOU RETRAIN
YOUR EATING HABITS!**

Doctors tell us that in most cases you are fat because you overeat. It's

as simple as that! You may not realize it but fat people have what amounts to an abnormal craving for food. YOUR appetite is aroused by the VERY smell and sight of certain foods. Be honest now. How many times have you started to reduce only to find you just can't stop or even CUT DOWN between-meal snacks? Over-eating soon becomes a deeply ingrained habit you can't break. "But why do I have this craving for food?" you ask. There are many reasons. Good food and lots of it may have been a family tradition. Some consider rich food a symbol of success.

What can you do about it? The answer has been a difficult problem to solve until the development of the wonder ingredient in RX-120. You know how hard it is to change long established habits. You know self-denial is not easy. You know how almost impossible it is to develop a will power of iron! But with new RX-120 you can change your habits—practically overnight. You can eat less without giving up the foods that taste so good. Down comes caloric intake—off comes excess fat. You don't have to rely on strong will power. You don't have to fight yourself every time you're tempted. Now you can take off that excess weight . . . without your ever being conscious of it!

**GET YOUR RX-120 BEFORE
IT IS RELEASED TO DRUG STORES!**

Remember, RX-120 is not a diet, not a dull plan or regimen that tells you what to eat! It's not an ordinary

dietary supplement—it's a clinically tested, doctor approved medicine that has been PROVED effective when tried on over 2,000 overweight patients! . . . according to published reports. We'll be glad to send your doctor medical literature. RX-120 has been released as SAFE by the United States Government for sale without a prescription . . . but supply is limited. It won't be shipped to drug stores until November 15, 1959. But you can order direct from Wilson-Williams Inc., 273 Columbus Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.—if you act now! So hurry—order your RX-120 right NOW. Just fill out the coupon today and mail it while you're thinking about it. RX-120 is sent to you on a no risk 10-day trial.

Remember, you must lose 9 pounds in 10 days or we pay you \$3.00. You must lose 18 pounds in 20 days or we pay you \$5.00. You must take off 27 pounds in 30 days or you get \$7.00. You must PROVE you can lose up to 49 pounds in just 8 weeks or we pay you \$14.00. You have nothing to lose but ugly fat!

SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL!

Fill out coupon below. Be sure to indicate the size of RX-120 you want us to rush to you immediately! Start taking RX-120 the day it arrives. Check your scales every day. Keep a careful record of your weight losses! Remember, you must lose 9 pounds in just 10 days or we pay you \$3.00. You can just as easily take off 18 pounds, 27 pounds or up to 49 pounds depending on the number of days you take this new wonder drug! Don't forget, you must lose the minimum number of pounds claimed or you get every cent back. If you don't lose 9, 18, 27 or up to 49 pounds—merely send us proof of purchases. Yes, you must lose up to 49 pounds with NEW RX-120 or we will rush you a check for \$14.00. Don't wait—check the quantity wanted, fill in the coupon today and mail it right now. You don't have to send any money—your first bottle will be rushed to you. But do it NOW!

©Wilson-Williams Inc.,
273 Columbus Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

RUSH NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

Wilson-Williams Inc., 273 Columbus Avenue, Dpt. 211, Tuckahoe, N. Y.
Rush my RX-120 immediately. I must lose pounds guaranteed by you above or you will pay me the amount specified.

☐ Rush 10 day supply. I will pay postman only \$3.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling. ☐ Rush 20 day supply. I will pay postman only \$5.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling. ☐ Rush 30 day supply. I will pay postman only \$7.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
SAVE MUCH MORE! Postal rates have gone up! Enclose ☐ cash, ☐ check, or ☐ money-order for \$3.00, \$5.00 or \$7.00 and you save high postage and C.O.D. handling charges! Same money back guarantee.

Don't try to brush bad breath away—*reach for Listerine!*

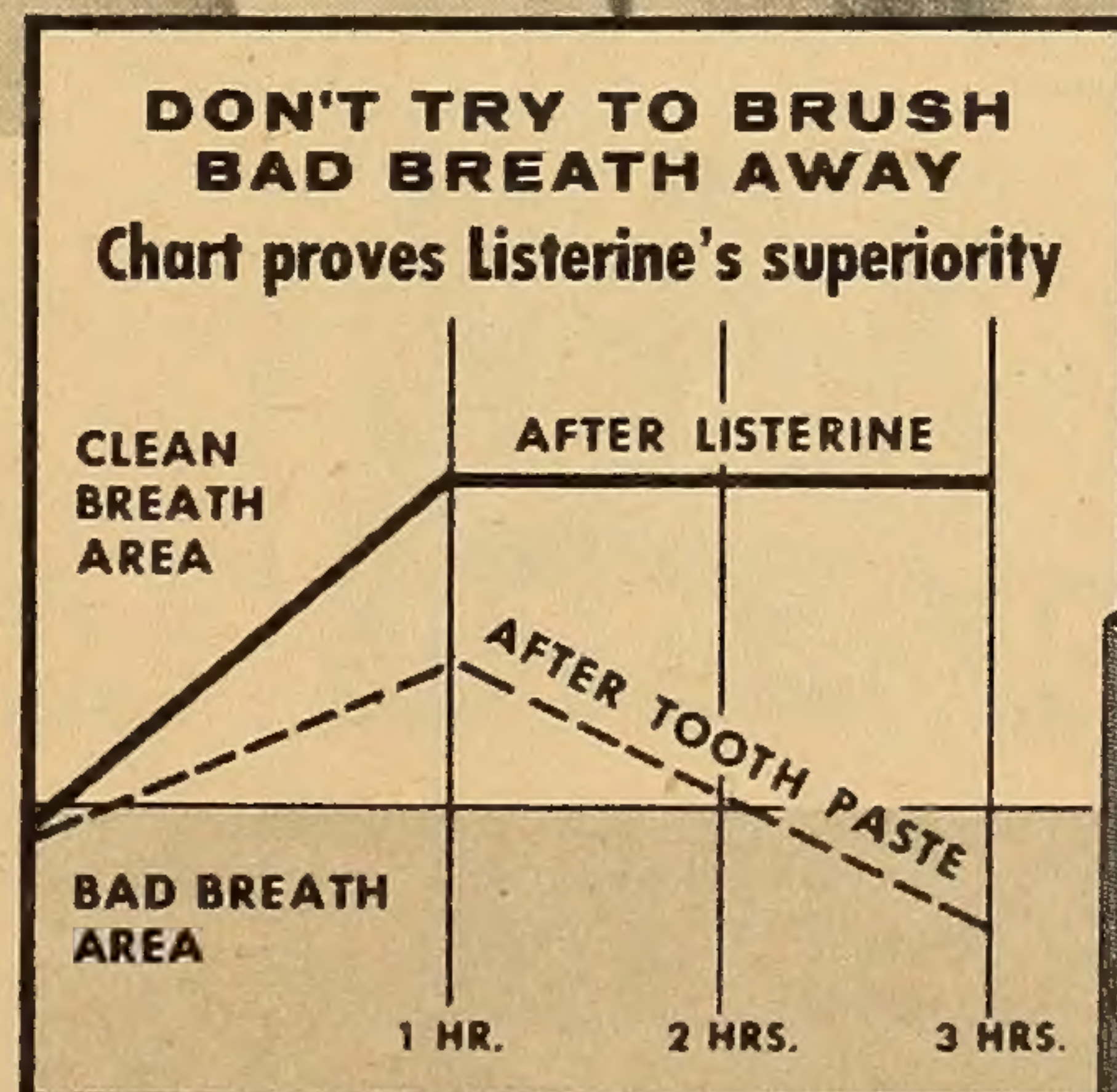
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Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better than Tooth Paste!



Tooth paste is for teeth—Listerine is for your breath.
You see, germs in the mouth cause most bad breath.
No tooth paste is antiseptic, so no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . on contact, by millions.
Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as the Listerine way.
Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.

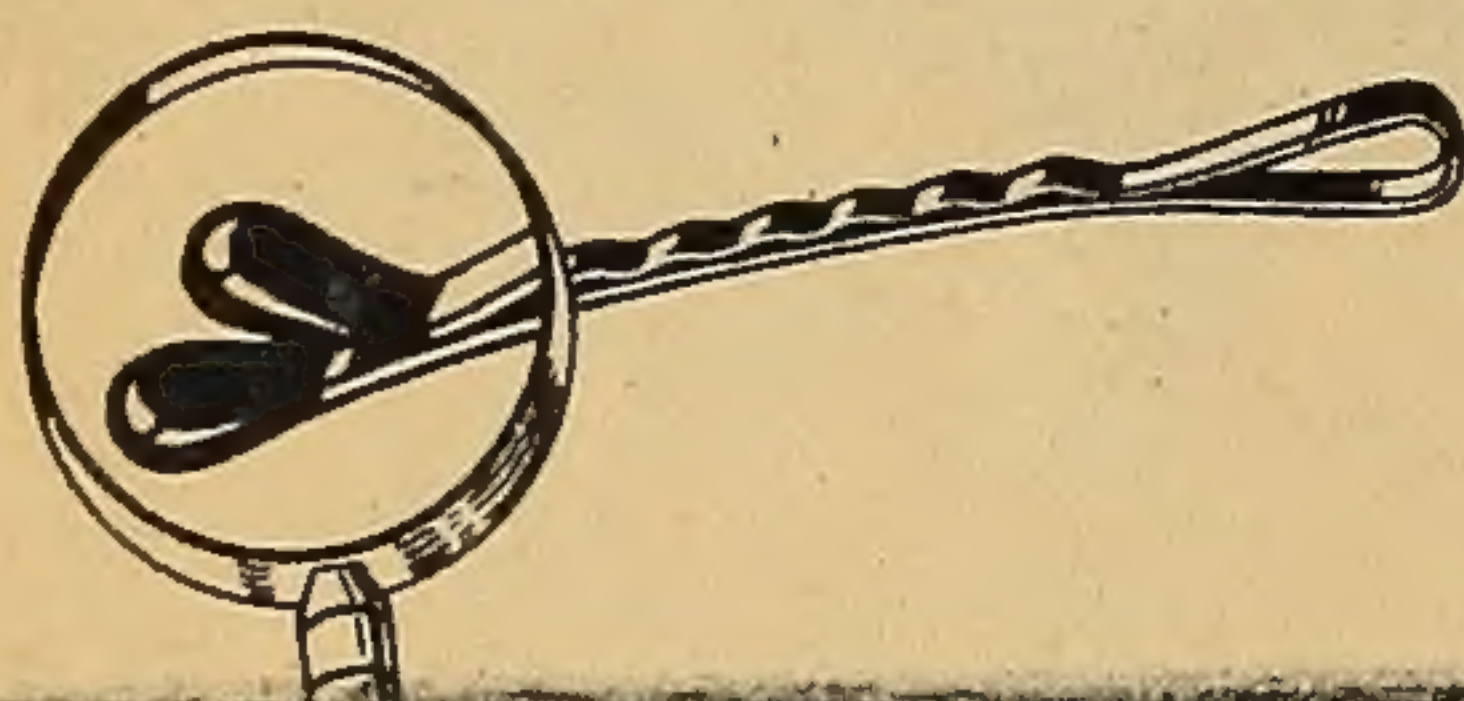
Reach for Listerine



...Your No. 1 protection against bad breath



Won't ever scratch!



SOLO
Rubber*-Tipped
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Do sharp, rough bob pins make you feel like a pin cushion? Then switch to SOLO's new rubber-tipped smoothies. Never was hairdressing easier . . . or more rewarding. Enjoy new freedom from cuts and scratches! SOLO "Safety-Tips" grip-tite day and night. Buy a cardful today!

* Plastic

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Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

Volume 60, No. 12

May, 1959

IRA PECK EDITOR
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INSIDE NEWS

Elvis Presley 20 The Girl Elvis Presley Will Marry by Helen Hendricks

PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS

Dolores Hart 24 How Dolores Hart Learned About Boys by Mrs. Harriet Gordon
Loretta Young 31 The Gal Who Conquered Time by Favius Friedman
Tony Curtis 34 "I've Got Nothing To Hide" by Vi Swisher
Bob Horton 41 The Man Who Runs Up Hills by Jim Cooper
Connie Francis 45 She Carries Spring With Her by Helen Bolstad
Bill Holden 48 Bill Holden's Double Life by Meryl Robbins
Vera Miles 55 "I'm Glad I Was Poor" by Amy Francis

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES

Frank Sinatra 28 A Birthday For Frankie
Donna Reed 38 Donna And Her Brood
Natalie Wood 52 The Wagners Hoof It
and Bob Wagner

SPECIAL FEATURES

Gossip 6 Hollywood Lowdown by Sheilah Graham
14 Hollywood Love Life by Dorothy O'Leary
Records 12 Let's Look At The Records by Bob Crosby
Reviews 18 Coming Attractions by Rahna Maughan
Fashions 58 Say Hello To Spring by Sue Collins

ON THE COVER: DEBBIE REYNOLDS, STARRING IN MGM'S "THE MATING GAME" AND 20TH CENTURY-FOX'S "SAY ONE FOR ME"

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ONE OF THE WORLD'S
MOST EXCITING AND
EXOTIC STORIES...**

Young lovers in a jungle
Eden where menace lurks
amid the orchids!

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THAT FASCINATED
MILLIONS OF READERS!**

A best-seller in nine
languages and recently
reprinted in Reader's
Digest Condensed Books!

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THE AMAZON JUNGLES...**

M-G-M sent camera crews
thousands of miles into
South America's wilds
for "on location" thrills!

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AND AMAZING
TRIBAL DANCES...**

Music by brilliant Latin
composer Villa-Lobos
and dances created by
Katherine Dunham en-
rich one of the great
romances of our time!



Rima, the untouched, the girl of the virgin forest, meets her first man.

M-G-M's production of W. H. Hudson's famed novel

AUDREY HEPBURN
as Rima

ANTHONY PERKINS
as Abel

GREEN MANSIONS

Co-Starring

LEE J. COBB

In METROCOLOR and CinemaScope

SESSUE HAYAKAWA • HENRY SILVA • DOROTHY KINGSLEY

Screen Play by

Based on the Novel by
WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON • Directed by MEL FERRER • Produced by EDMUND GRAINGER •

An M-G-M
Picture





I'm a **new** me for the new fashions

All it took was a new point of view! And now I'm all enthused over the new spring lines and styles! Now I'm having a gay time shopping for the *right* frock to "go" with my way of living! For I'm a *casual* kind of girl. I like to feel *free, be natural*. That's what governs my choice of fashions. And *that's* what governs my choice of sanitary protection, too.

Because I want to feel free, comfortable, poised on "problem days"—I choose Tampax® internal sanitary protection! Puts an end to chafing pads and twisting belts. Prevents odor from forming. Is wonderfully simple to insert, change, dispose of. Wonderfully convenient to carry. No other sanitary protection is better suited to modern living—to *my* way of living!

Thinking back on it—it took a new point of view for me to change to Tampax, too—a view toward *better, nicer* ways of handling those days. Why don't *you* change to Tampax, too? In Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Sheilah Graham's

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Clint Walker to resume in "Cheyenne" series
- Reconciliation for the Marlon Brandos?



THEY'RE saying in Hollywood that Eddie Fisher did not go to the Taylor, he went to the cleaners. Elizabeth likes costly presents and Debbie has insisted all along that her children must be well taken care of financially by their father. . . . The Spaniards prefer Italian Gina Lollobrigida to American Ava Gardner who makes her home in Madrid. Because Gina dresses like a movie star—furs, jewels, the whole bit. While Ava likes to dance barefoot.

It didn't take Mrs. Marlon Brando and Mrs. Rock Hudson too long to join forces. Mrs. B. will be represented for films and television under her name of Anna Kashfi, by Mrs. H. And with Anna resuming her career full scale, I wouldn't give odds that even if Marlon gets reconciled with her, as he wants, that it will last. As of going to press, Anna's answer was "No." . . . Can't wait to see "Porgy And Bess," which I hear is wonderful with Sidney Poitier as Porgy, Dorothy Dandridge in the Bess role, Pearl Bailey playing Maria, and Sammy Davis, Jr., as Sporting Life. Sammy's last birthday party was chock-a-block with friends,

including Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra and Kim Novak.

Brigitte Bardot is getting some competition from her younger sister Mijanou, who is an inch taller but with the same vital statistics. Mijanou's necklines are somewhat higher and her hemlines longer, and she's a natural blonde. Be interesting to see how far she travels. . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor called me with the news that boy friend Hal Hayes was buying 20th Century-Fox more or less as a wedding gift. When I expressed disbelief, Zsa insisted 'twas so. I'll believe it when it happens, and I will believe they will be married when it happens.

I'm glad that pretty Pier Angeli is getting over her heartbreak from the breakup of her marriage to Vic Damone. She is now dating—especially with wealthy young actor-producer, Yale Wexler. . . . And Debbie Reynolds seems to like MGM set designer Jerry Wunderlich. . . . People are saying that Errol Flynn should have met up with Fidel Castro at least two years earlier, then he would have kicked out Batista that much sooner. Haw Haw.

When last heard from, Diane Varsi was

continued on page 8



HER marital problems over, Terry Moore happily returns to Hollywood social life.



FOOD at movieland party doesn't interest Hugh O'Brian as much as Debbie Reynolds.

heavenly... heavenly **Stardust**

See these fabulous slips,
designed by STARDUST and made
with loving care. You'll
adore their divine fit, and
appreciate their utter
femininity, thanks to
lavish laces and
embroideries. The price?
Sh-h-h! It's *your* secret.



Self embroidery and selected laces
trim this Beautiblend Slip,
of care-free dacron, nylon and cotton.
4 gore fit, full shadow panel
front. White, 32-40. **\$299**

Luxurious drip-dry batiste cotton,
little or no ironing needed.
Scallop edge embroidery and flouncy
hem. Complete shadow-proof
double skirt. White, 32-40. **\$299**

"Show-Off"... Sanforized cotton,
4 gore; full shadow panel front.
All-over embroidered lined bodice;
scalloped edge back. Guaranteed
one year. White, 32-44. **\$199**

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

for a month, is really having the last laugh. Because when he was living here and under contract to RKO, film jobs were very conspicuous by their absence.

The report is that Her Grace Kelly will make a feature film in Monaco, just to keep her hand in. She played a bit part in "Invitation To Monaco," with her daughter, Princess Caroline, and hubby, Prince Rainier, in the leads. To sell dear old Monaco, of course. Grace believes in helping her husband. . . . Guess the three personalities on Ed Sullivan's show to get the most applause? Elvis Presley, Liberace—and Sal Mineo. He had a young audience that night.

Talking of young people, Pat Boone has doubled his price since his hit in "Mardi Gras." He now wants \$250,000 plus a percentage. . . . The current joke—that when Bing Crosby was young, he was The Crosby Boys. They're always up to something and so was Bing. . . . Wife Kathryn Grant will continue with her career, as long as it doesn't conflict with her marriage. "Our rule," she told me at lunch, "No interviews or photographs together for any of my movies." Or his for that matter. Bing doesn't need it of course. It isn't easy for anyone to be married to a legend. But Kathryn, an intelligent girl, is doing it successfully. . . . Bing's son Lindsay, incidentally, has been courting 16-year-old blonde star Sandra Dee. Which is nice courting.

Peter Lawford's wife chided him for his extravagance when he gifted her with a racy thunderbird. The former Pat Kennedy has a million dollar trust fund from her father, but like the Rockefellers, was raised to be thrifty. . . . The day that Guy Madison's car was stolen was the day that someone ran into Sheila Madison's car and completely demolished it. Guy loaned her his station wagon while he drove a jeep. And what a beautiful

diamond bracelet he gave her to bridge the gap of their separation.

Tony Curtis is bursting, with muscle as much as pride. He worked for months in a gymnasium to develop his chest for his smallish role in "Spartacus." This picture winds up his contract at U-I where he was discovered ten years ago. Price for the picture, \$65,000. Whereas for his own pictures he can earn between four and five hundred thousand dollars, against a percentage. Tony is one of the few stars here who enjoys his success, hugely. . . . And wife Janet Leigh may never make another picture. With Tony in the million dollar a year bracket, it costs them more when Janet works. And why should she, with a beautiful home, gorgeous husband and two lovely daughters.

Marilyn Monroe's illness and expectant motherhood cost her "Some Like It Hot" picture another \$300,000. Poor Marilyn. My wish for 1959 and '60, is that heaven allows her to become a mother. Marilyn's early life is rather like mine—as you can see in my book, "Beloved Infidel." I have been blessed with two children. I'd like the same for Marilyn. . . . John Wayne is putting his profits into oil and his time with wife Pilar. He doesn't want the pretty Latin lady to feel neglected again.

More news about Ricky Nelson. He makes all his records at night. "I can't sing in the morning," explained the personable Mr. Nelson. "I like to stay up until four in the morning and sleep until six at night." How would you like to be married to a guy who keeps these hours? . . . Dale Robertson, who couldn't get any good pictures to make while he was under contract to 20th, reckons as how he will make a million dollars this year from his TV show, "Tales Of Wells Fargo," and his ranch and oil wells. . . .

Shirley MacLaine is a wonderful girl and husband Steve Parker would be smart to transfer his working time to Hollywood, instead of so many months a year in Japan. They have a cute youngster who is growing up without seeing too much of



A SUBDUED and prettier Jayne Mansfield at premiere with husband Mickey Hargitay.

her dad. . . . Rhonda Fleming earns \$15,000 a week in night clubs. But she would give it all away to get a nice husband. Rhonda has been lonesome since her divorce from Doc Lew Morrill. . . . Rock Hudson would rather be afloat, so he will buy a house at Balboa to be near his newly-acquired yacht.

Lucille Ball is shopping for a Broadway play. . . . So is Jerry Lewis. . . . While George Nader invested his "Ellery Queen" profits into Montana land. . . . Clint Walker, back at work again, will be making all the feature films for the movie houses he can cram in from his new TV series. I'm glad Warners isn't dropping "Cheyenne." I like Ty Hardin, but the series wasn't the same without Clint. . . . Frank McHugh, on the 20th Century-Fox lot for his role in "Say One For Me," looked in good shape—"Of course," he said. "I have to work on my figure to keep up with my old movies that are showing on television."

The owners of The Lobster, a seafood house in New York, shipped a crate of lobsters to Ingrid Bergman in Paris. And they came back marked "Unknown." What does a girl have to do to get herself known? . . . That's all for now. **END**



LOOKING up to her husband and loving it is Jeanne Martin, wife of inimitable Dean. 10



RHONDA Fleming, here enjoying her date with Sy Bartlett, would like to wed again.



WHEN they're together Dorothy Malone and Jacques Bergerac are oblivious to all else.

Your Enchanting Moments will live forever...

inspired by our floor-sweeping creation exquisitely touched with a finger-tip peplum of edge-scalloped lace over a skirt of lace and nylon tulle. Four wide net ruffles on a net underskirt whirl over a rustling taffeta slip... and "above all"... a coronet of beaded pearls takes a veil of circular illusion for added radiance.

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COMPLETE OUTFIT
Suggested Retail Price

Under **\$74.50**

- Floor Length Gown
- Beaded Pearl Coronet
- Circular Veil



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"Obligations of the Bride and Groom"...

a comprehensive purse-size dial wheel lets you dial your question, finds the answer immediately in the see-thru key-hole. Also gives you rules of wedding etiquette so necessary for a correct wedding. For your FREE copy, just send us the name of your Bridal Store or department store.

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let's look at ● the RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by **BOB CROSBY**, NBC-TV star

GOT your dancin' shoes on? You'll need 'em when you catch **Frank Sinatra's** new Capitol album "Come Dance With Me." It's Frankie with a beat, man. Subtitled "Vocals That Dance," the album is just that. We defy anyone among the living to keep from toe-tapping. When Frank comes on with numbers such as "Something's Gotta Give," "Too Close For Comfort" and "Cheek To Cheek," clear the decks for some instantaneous terpsichore And speaking of dancing, we can't think of any better way to do it than to the strains of "The Fabulous Arrangements Of Tommy Dorsey In Hi-Fi" played by Tommy's heir apparent **Warren Covington** and the late T.D.'s orchestra. The Decca album contains such danceable items of Dorseyana as "Hawaiian War Chant," "Opus One" and "Boogie Woogie." The Covington touches are noticeable in the sharper bite the band takes into the music. You might call it "T.D. Today." A few years back if you didn't know how to "do the Hucklebug" then you were "really out of luck." Well, take heart; **Georgia Gibbs'** revival of that swinger will give you another chance. Her Roulette recording of that semi-prehistoric r & r favorite is tailor-made for today's big beat tastes. The flip side, "Better Loved You'll Never Be," is a ballad handled in highly acceptable Gibbs fashion When **Sam Butera** and **The Witnesses** aren't busy turning out exciting backgrounds for the Louis Prima-Keely Smith musical madhouse, they do some recording on their own hook, and they do it quite handily, thank you. Their Capitol pairing of "French Poodle" and "Handle With Care" is a compact clambake, full of sound and fury, signifying plenty.

One of the most successful examples of "East Meets West" is currently firmly entrenched on Broadway. We mean Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Flower Drum Song." The Columbia original cast album features such Oriental stalwarts as **Miyoshi Umeki**, **Pat Suzuki** and **Keye Luke** (long

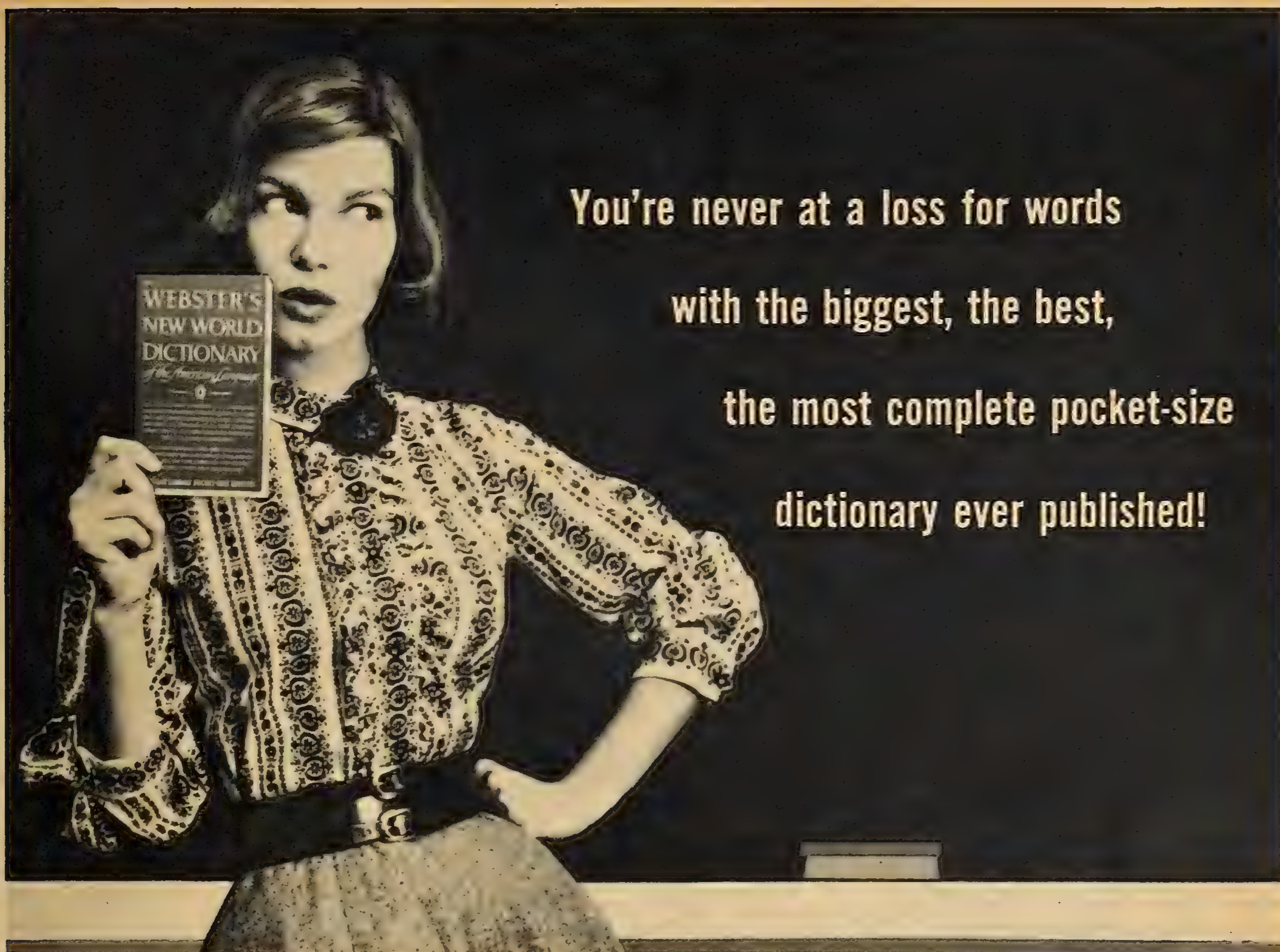
since graduated from being Charlie Chan's No. 1 Son), and such non-Oriental luminaries as **Larry Blyden** and **Juanita Hall**. Although the show is as loaded as a Chinese menu with top-grade material, the song that gives us the biggest message is "Love Look Away." The impact that "Tom Dooley" had on the music business is still making itself felt, and the three young gentlemen responsible for it all have gone to the bigger and better things. The **Kingston Trio's** new Capitol album "From The Hungry i," the aforementioned is a San Francisco night spot where the trio packed 'em in, was recorded on the premises. Among the more familiar numbers included are "They Call The Wind Maria" from the Broadway show, "Paint Your Wagon," and a window-rattling "When The Saints Go Marching In." **Tab Hunter**, who has developed a profitable sideline out of his occasional vocal offerings, has a new Warner Bros. release. "My Only Love" and "Apple Blossom Time" should prove a Nirvana for many a teenager. Tab's approach has an honest artlessness about it that seems to strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the vast army of his feminine followers.

Just to make sure that the supply keeps up with the demand, the moguls behind Imperial Records are making sure that the **Ricky Nelson** LP's pour out of the hopper almost as fast as the speed of sound. The latest showcase for Ozzie and Harriet's youngest son is titled "Ricky Sings Again." The Nelson boy turns in his usual highly professional performance as he runs through a representative of the r & r school. At the rate Ricky's popularity and poise are increasing, it won't be long before Imperial has to put out an LP titled "Ricky Sings Again And Again." One of the "hippest" TV shows to come along in many a 13-week cycle is "Peter Gunn," private-eye, society style. And one of the main reasons for the hipness is a chap named **Henry Mancini**. Mr. Mancini's the composer, arranger and conduc-

tor for the show. And it's high class jazz in large quantities. The Victor LP, "Music From Peter Gunn," has some of the most exciting music we've heard over the picture tube or on wax **Nat Cole**, he of the platinum-plated larynx, has a double-barreled Capitol release which could hit the best-seller lists with either barrel. "Madrid," with its melody line culled from "Carmen," has the added advantage of today's red-hot Latin beat. Although it has none of "Madrid's" gimmicks, "Give Me Your Love" is strong enough to hold its own in any company It's a pleasure to report on a fresh, new talent. **Pam Garner** in her first album for Coral gives every evidence of being the genuine article—a fine vocalist with a highly polished delivery that's quite distinctive and yet is free of vocal tricks. Her first LP package contains time-tested material, freshened up and tied with a bright vocal ribbon. Among those present and accounted for are "Me And My Shadow," "Speak Low" and "My Heart Stood Still."

The **Kalin Twins**, a pair of rock 'n' rollers who have cornered more than a small share of the r&r market, have put a compendium of their best efforts on a Decca LP titled simply "The Kalin Twins." The tunes may not be destined for immortality but they're enjoyable and include "Three O'Clock Thrill" and "Forget Me Not." One of the better female voices around belongs to **Gogi Grant**. Her latest Victor album, "Torch Time," is a splendid display case for Gogi's full-throated delivery. The numbers, including "Yesterdays," "The Thrill Is Gone" and "Mad About The Boy," are beautifully handled and that takes in the orchestral background supplied by Henri Rene A spritely dissertation on the multiple blessings of being a female is offered by **Doris Day** on Columbia in a number titled "I Enjoy Being A Girl." We enjoy Doris' being a girl, too. The flip side, "Kissin' My Honey," is another energetic effort with almost equally pleasing results The **Diamonds** have a new look and a new sound. The first record from the new lineup points to a bright future for the group. "From The Bottom Of My Heart" and "She Say" are very big with the beat, an area in which the Diamonds can do no wrong. . . . The **Dave Pell** Octet has taken a whirlwind tour of the nation's college campuses and come up with "Swingin' School Songs," the Coral LP crammed full of upbeat alma maters' frantic fight songs and movin' marches. . . . One of the current skyrockets streaking across the musical firmament is **Earl Grant**, the crackerjack performer at the Hammond organ and a vocal virtuoso. Earl has a new Decca album that allows a fine display of his several talents. Titled "The End," in tribute to his best selling single that's included in the album, the LP covers a variety of standards, pops, folk songs and show tunes, among them "Hello, Young Lovers" and "Volare."

END



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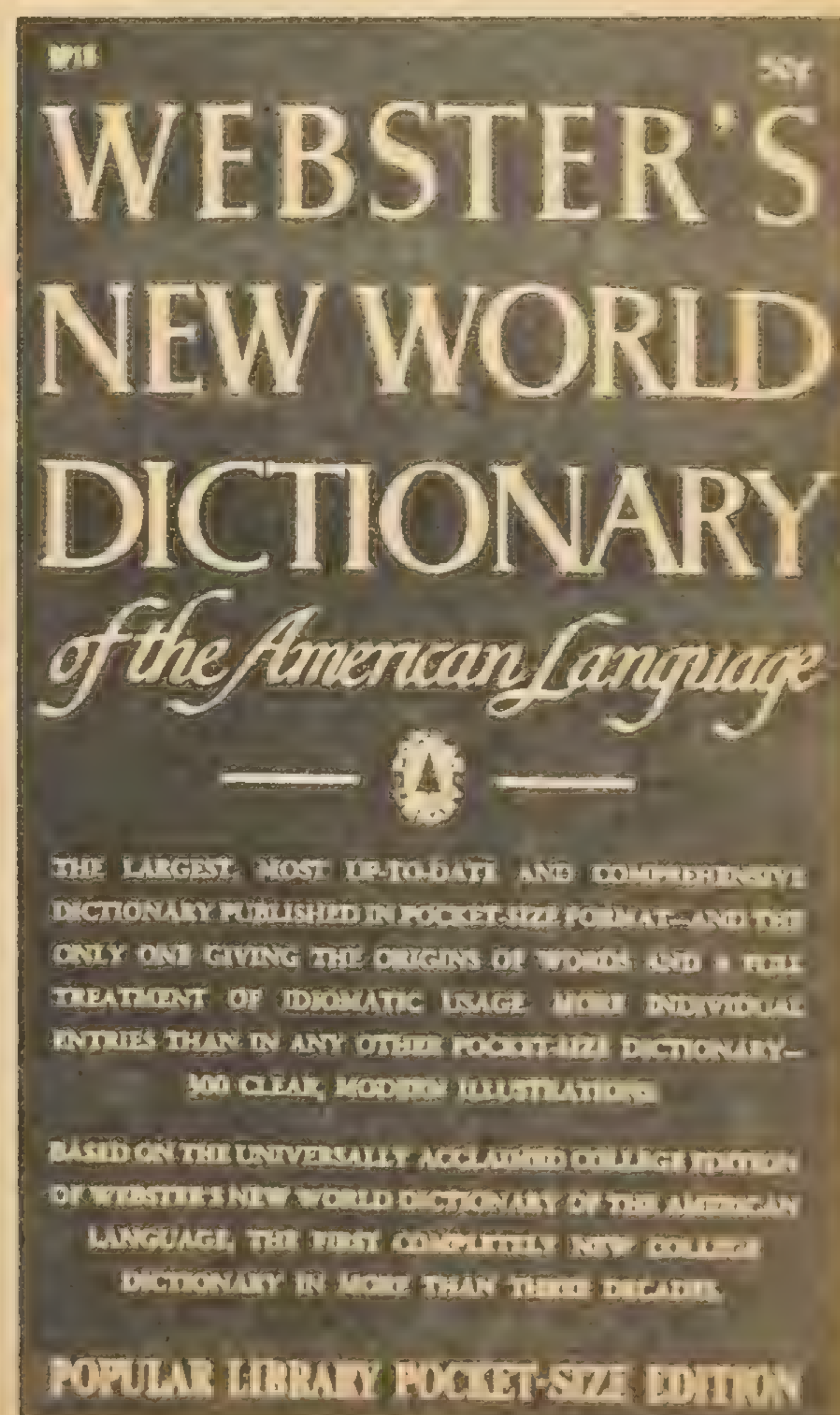
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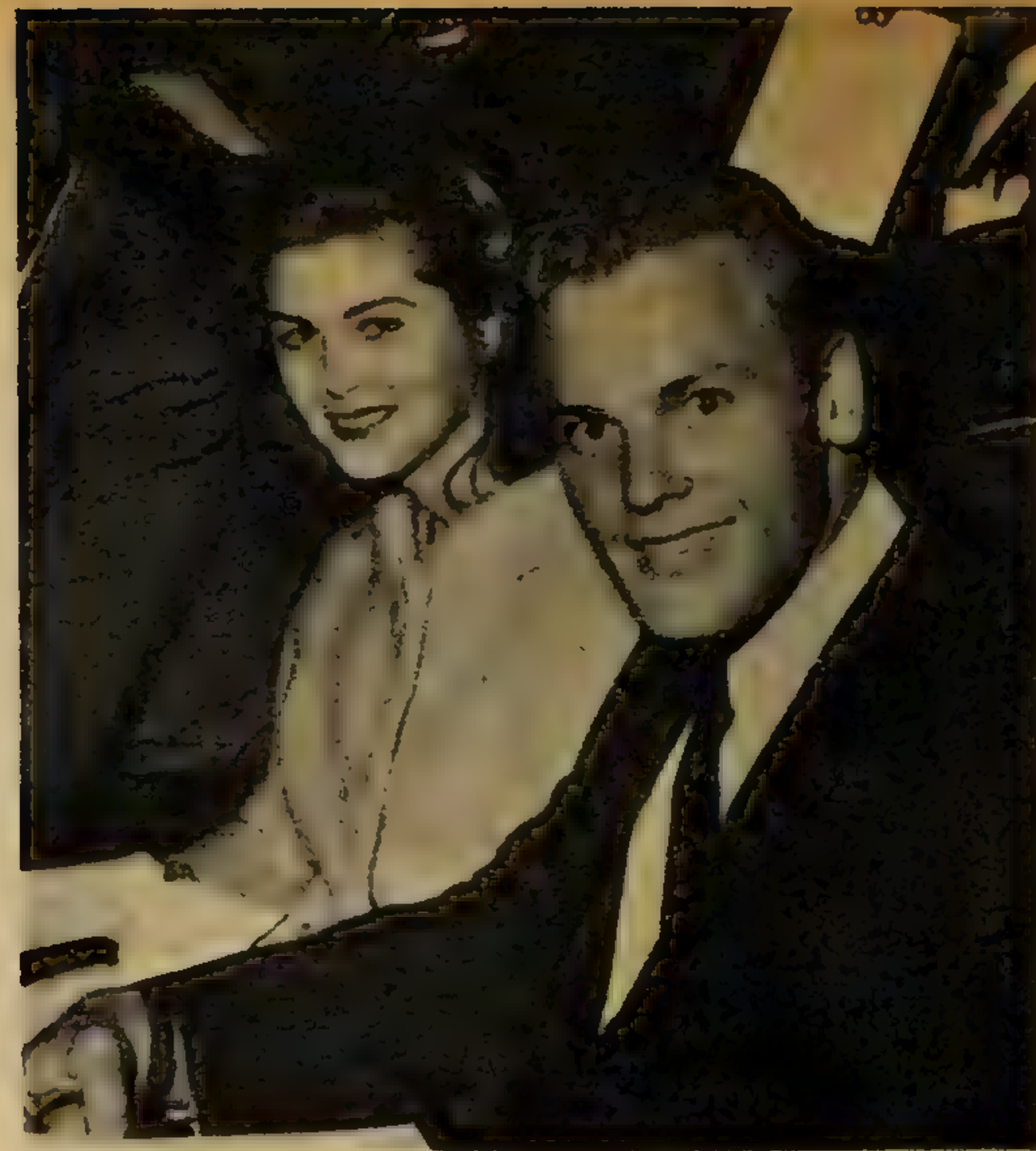
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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

- ★ Debbie Reynolds going all-out on her career this year
- ★ Bull fighting now Ricky Nelson's big passion



STILL seeing a lot of each other are Maria Cooper, daughter of Gary, and Tab Hunter.

TORERO RICK—Any girl who wants to score with Ricky Nelson these days must be interested in bull fighting because that is the Big Passion in his life, right now. Rick saw his first bull fight in Mexico when he was making "Rio Bravo." He flipped. Since then he's been reading everything he can find on the subject and recently bought a cape, sword and "practice bull," a wooden contrivance with horns attached which is pushed toward him as he practices his cape and sword movements. Brother David often obliges as the pusher. Anyway, Rick has been regaling young actresses Leslie Petit and Barbara Lord, whom he's dated recently, with talk about "the moment of truth" and other bull fighting jazz.

DAVID "UP IN AIR"—David, meantime, has his own new interest and spent a month practicing trapeze work for his role in "The Big Circus" in which he plays a "catcher" in a trapeze act. Dave worked with a stunt man and took several spills—into a net, of course—to mas-

ter his art. Often watching him practice was Venetia Stevenson. She and D. Nelson still date often but continue to deny any "real romance."

MADE IT!—After Bob Wagner and Natalie Wood celebrated their first wedding anniversary, Natalie crowed, "And the busybodies said our marriage wouldn't last a year!" Oddly enough, just a few days later, Bob was married again, and to a former girl friend, Debbie Reynolds. But this was a scene for "Say One For Me" and the priest performing the ceremony was Bing Crosby! An interested spectator was real wife Nat. The Wagners plan a leisurely sail in their boat down to Acapulco when "Say" is finished. Debbie, by the way, is going all-out on her career, will do one picture after another this year. She still steadfastly refuses to discuss her divorce from Eddie Fisher.

QUIET MAN—Another one still maintaining the Big Silence is Rock Hudson. He insists the only "love" in his life now

is his boat and he's gone so overboard (what a pun!) about sailing that he's moved from Malibu down to Lido Isle, right on Newport Bay, where his boat is berthed. When Rock sailed down to San Diego recently some Air Force friends there offered to take him up in a jet plane. During the run they broke the sound barrier. Rock reported you don't hear the sonic boom in the plane.

ANOTHER JUDY—A newcomer who really has the young bachelors scrambling for her phone number is Judy Harriet, a 16-year-old alumna of "The Mouseketeers" who really knows how to belt out a song. Pretty Judy has been singing since she was five and now in "Say One For Me" she delivers a ditty, especially written for her, guaranteed to send you. It's named "The Night That Rock 'n' Roll Died."

SENTIMENTAL—To celebrate six months of wedded happiness, Richard Egan invited bride Patricia to dinner at Romanoff's in Beverly Hills and there, at the very same table where he had proposed to her, he presented her with a beautiful antique gold ring.

YES OR NO?—Barry Coe went all the way up to Oregon to meet Judi Meredith's folks, which would indicate serious romance. But it's our guess they won't marry soon although they are "steadies." Judi saw a portrait photo of Barry and asked him for a copy. He brought her a large envelope saying, "Here's a picture of your favorite movie star." But it was an enlargement of a picture he had taken of her! He's a camera bug. P.S. He also gave her the one she wanted, of him.

HAPPY WIFE—Nice to see Leslie Caron back in town, here now for "The Man Who Understood Women" with Henry Fonda. Leslie brought her two babies with her, confided she was "so lonely" waiting for husband Peter Hall to arrive from London; he'll vacation here. She's



JACK Haley, Jr., wonders just what Kathy Nolan is up to as their picture is snapped.



A CONSTANT duo, Venetia Stevenson and David Nelson deny it's a serious romance.



ONCE Kim Novak's favorite beau, Mack Krim shares a date with starlet Jo Morrow.

so proud of Peter, told us he'll be the youngest man ever to direct at Stratford-on-Avon Theatre. Peter, 28, will direct Sir Laurence Olivier in "Coriolanus" this summer. And that is an honor. Leslie also told us their house in London is a five-story place and "that's why I keep slim."

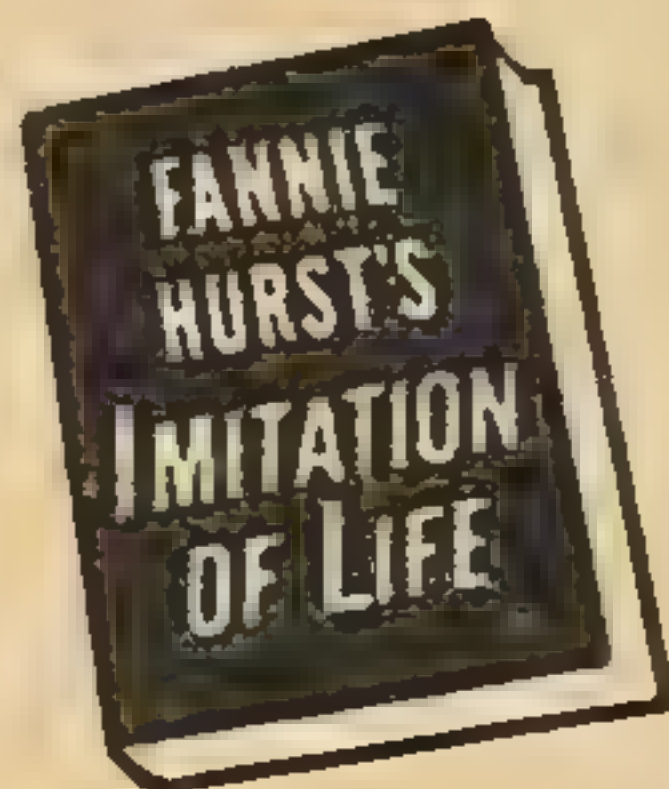
WEDDING BELLS—June Lockhart, who stars in the "Lassie" TV series, and architect John Lindsey, who have been so in love for the past six months, will do something about it this April—something definite, like marriage. June's divorce will be final and that was the last obstacle to their wedding plans. But June will continue with "Lassie."

DENIALS—Just before leaving for Durango, Mexico, where he'll make "The Unforgiven" with Burt Lancaster, Audie Murphy and Audrey Hepburn, John Saxton told us it's not true that he's romancing Susan Kohner. Vicki Thal is still his best girl, he says. John, who had grown a full beard for "The Big Fisherman," had to shave it off for "Unforgiven" and Audie, customarily the clean-shaven one, had to grow a beard! . . . Jill St. John denies printed rumors that her romance with Lance Reventlow was "all over" because his mother, Barbara Hutton, didn't like her when they met in New York. "We got along fine," says Jill. Lance went to Europe after the meeting in Manhattan but he and Jill have been keeping postmen busy.

SILVA A SOFTIE—Henry Silva, a very mean guy on screen—he was the vicious dope-pusher in "Hatful Of Rain," he sets fire to Audrey Hepburn in "Green Mansions" and rapes Nicole Maurey in "The Jayhawkers"—is very soft and gentle off-screen these days with Cindy Conroy. She's a red-haired Irish beauty who has turned down several acting offers because she'd rather write and this is fine with Henry who was once married to an actress and says he won't marry another.

continued on page 16

FANNIE HURST'S
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TODAY'S TORMENTED
GENERATION!



UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

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JOHN GAVIN

Imitation of Life

in Eastman COLOR

CO-STARRING

SANDRA DEE
DAN O'HERLIHY
SUSAN KOHNER
ROBERT ALDA
WITH
JUANITA MOORE
MAHALIA JACKSON

singing "Trouble of the World"

—HEAR—

EARL GRANT

sing "Imitation of Life"

"You've given me
everything a
mother could,
but the thing
I wanted
most ...
your
love!"



"I'll get the things
I want out of life...
one way—or another.
From one man—
or another!"



"The color line won't
stop me, Ma!
I look, feel,
think white
...and I'm
going to
marry
white!"



Screenplay by ELEANORE GRIFFIN and ALLAN SCOTT

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK

Produced by ROSS HUNTER



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Many former students of this school are now earning from \$150 a week to over \$50,000 a year. Among all commercial artists today, one out of every ten, it's estimated, has studied with this school. Try for this free art course! Winner also gets professional drawing supplies and a series of valuable art textbooks. Entries for April 1959 contest must be received by April 30. None returned. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified.

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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

continued

ROMANTIC—Jayne Mansfield was scarcely home from the hospital after the birth of her son Miklos before she and husband Mickey Hargitay resumed decorating their house. Jayne is still on her pink binge, with heart-shaped motif. In the master bedroom a pink marble fireplace has been built in the shape of a heart. Walls are pink antique mirror and Jayne wanted the ceiling covered with that too but the contractor convinced her it would be dangerous "in case of an earthquake." Jayne's bath has a heart-shaped tub, also pink marble. Little Miklos has a king-sized bassinet. Yep, it's heart-shaped. (This isn't the one she got with Green Stamps!)

READY NOW?—John Smith has been one of Hollywood's dating-est bachelors but he now seems serious about Luanna Patten. They met when she made a guest star appearance on his TV show, "Cimarron City," and have become a steady twosome. John has often said that as soon as his career was in good shape—and it is now, with the success of his series—that he'd like to get married. Luanna just might be the girl.

SHIRLEY HAPPY—Shirley MacLaine threw a real wing-ding of a housewarming party at her new home, but the real cause for celebration was the fact that husband Steve Parker was able to get here from Japan for the bash. He spends much of his time in the Orient making documentary films but now will be here for four months. Could be he'll see his ever-lovin' Shirl win an Oscar for her role in "Some Came Running." At any rate, friends who feel she deserves the award brought a huge Oscar carved out of ice for the centerpiece at the housewarming party.

TOGETHER—Janet Leigh doesn't like long separations from husband Tony Curtis, so she went along for half of his month's location time in Florida for "Operation Petticoat." Janet left the two babies home with their nurse so it was a real vacation for her. . . . While Dana Wynter was in New York for personal appearances for the opening of "Shake Hands With The Devil," lawyer-husband Greg Bautzer flew both ways just to spend the weekend with her.

REEL TO REAL—Dwayne Hickman and Tuesday Weld met when they played teenage daters in "Rally Round The Flag, Boys." Then when Dwayne started his new TV series, "The Many Loves Of Dobie Gillis," his first girl friend for the first episode was Tuesday! (He'll have a different G.F. in each sketch.) So what more natural than that Tuesday and Dwayne should also be dating, for real! However, Tuesday has also had dates

with Mark Damon, and Dwayne has also been beaving Dorothy Provine.

TRIPLE CELEBRATION—April is a Big Month for Carolyn Jones and her writer-husband Aaron Spelling. Both have birthdays and they celebrate their wedding anniversary—this year their sixth—in the same month. Aaron is presenting Carolyn with a dazzling three-carat tear-drop diamond pendant. Lucky for Carolyn she was born in April with diamond as her birthstone, 'cause she admits she likes 'em. She doesn't go so far as to say "diamonds are a girl's best friend"—she believes firmly that man is girl's best friend—but diamonds come in a close second, says she.

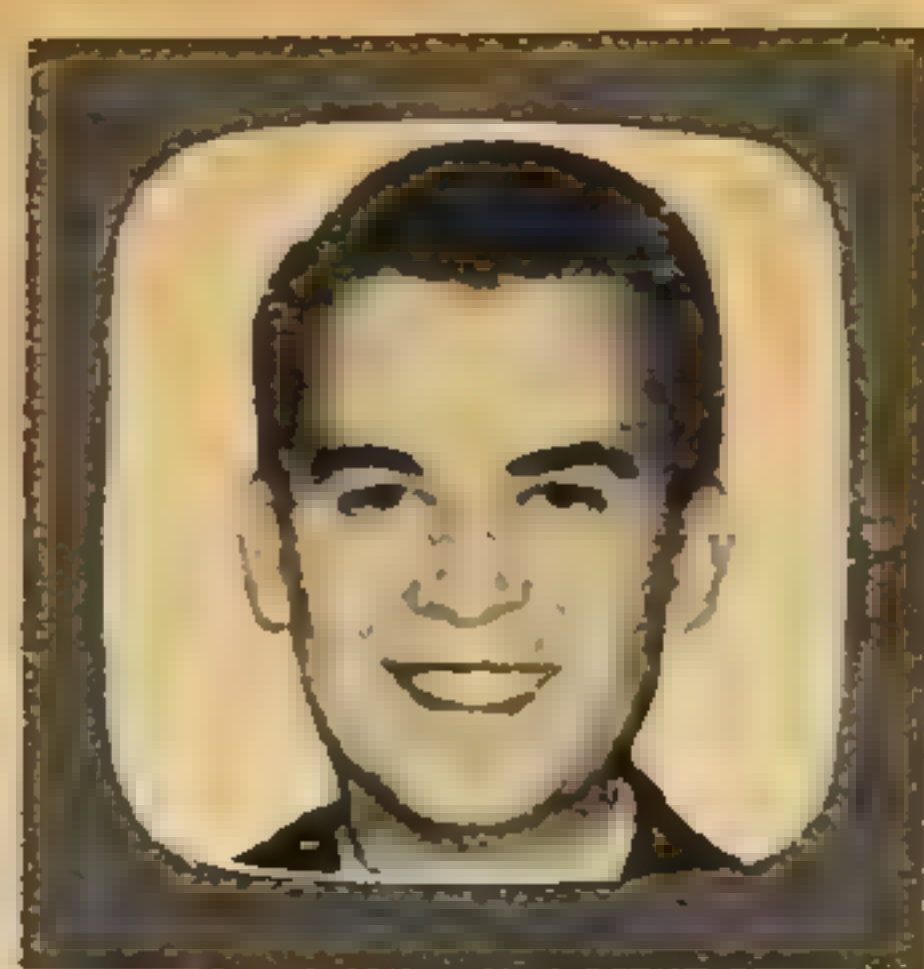
FREE—Evy "Miss Denmark" Norlund took a quick trip back to her native land and while there broke her engagement to a Danish actor. It was all very amicable and he gave her a gold ring as a parting gift. Since her return she's been seeing Jimmy Darren, who's getting a divorce. But we predict she'll let romance wait a while and tend to work; her career finally gets going with TV appearances and a Big Break is slated for her in a feature, too.

AGE CONSCIOUS—Millie Perkins has been going out some with Dick Beyer but says "we're not really dating because he's younger than I am!" She's nine months older than Dick, but at 20, this can be important! Anyway, Dick is a camera bug and is getting Millie interested, too. There's a possibility that Millie may be sent to the principal cities of Europe for openings of "Diary Of Anne Frank" and that Dick, who plays opposite her in that, may be sent, too. So that might further a romance. But now Millie is also dating Dean Stockwell and George Stevens, Jr.

TALL TWOSOME—Ron Ely, who is 6'4", has "discovered" tall Nina Shipman, who has been tagged a "young Ingrid Bergman." Nina, a newcomer, has good roles in "Say One For Me" and "The Man Who Understood Women."

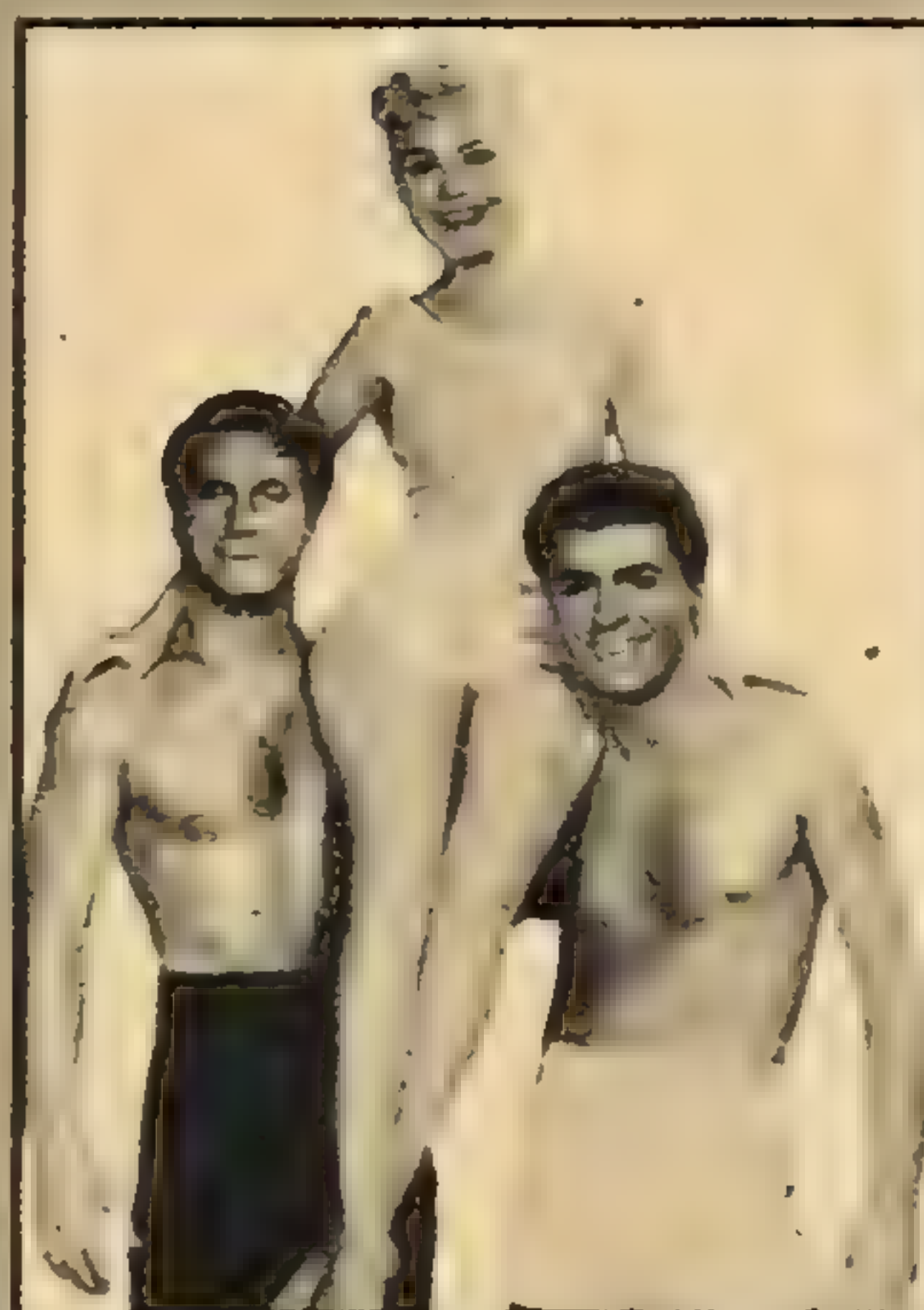
DIFFERENT—Ed Byrnes is not one to spurn the girls—his two most frequent dates currently are Asa Maynor and Arlene Howell—but when he had a day off from shooting "77 Sunset Strip" recently he jumped in his little sports car and spun down to Palm Springs, just to try a new small Mexican restaurant there! Seems that's a hobby of his, trying little, off-beat eating places. He doesn't mind driving 180 miles to try one recommended by a friend.

THE CROSBY BOYS—Looks like Lindsay Crosby, who'll be out of the Army by the time you read this, may be joining brother Gary at 20th. And of course pop Bing has been there, too, do-
continued on page 70



DICK CLARK GOES FOR "Gidget"

"Hey gang, I just saw something that's the greatest! It's a new movie called 'Gidget'. It's all about a cute teen and her fabulous Summer with the surfboarders at Malibu Beach. It's the first movie I've ever endorsed this way—and I'm sure you'll go for 'Gidget', too!"



She's the Sweetheart of the Beach Generation!



The FOUR PREPS sing "GIDGET" and "CINDERELLA"

Co-starring
SANDRA DEE • CLIFF ROBERTSON • JAMES DARREN
ARTHUR O'CONNELL with MARY La ROCHE and JO MORROW and THE FOUR PREPS

Screenplay by GABRIELLE UPTON • Based on the novel by FREDERICK KOHNER
Produced by LEWIS J. RACHMIL • Directed by PAUL WENDKOS
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Hear JIMMY DARREN sing THERE'S NO SUCH THING (as the next best thing to love)

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Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Compulsion

BASED on the best seller by Meyer Levin, this had a short run as a Broadway play before coming to the screen. As movie entertainment, perhaps it would have been more fitting treated as a case history of two spoiled, wealthy, pampered 18-year-old boys, Bradford Dillman and Dean Stockwell. Minds twisted and warped by a fence of superiority, they brutally kill a young boy. Once police investigation, with the unexpected assistance of Diane Varsi's fiance, Martin Milner, turns up the murderers, the case develops into one of the most sensational in American courtroom history. After brilliant legal gymnastics by lawyers E. G. Marshall and Orson Welles, the final verdict will be far from satisfying to some. (20th Century-Fox.)

Last Train From Gun Hill

TRACKING down his wife's two murderers takes marshal Kirk Douglas along a Technicolor route straight to Anthony Quinn's cattle empire. Years ago, they were friends. Quinn's son was about the age Douglas' motherless boy is now. Unfortunately, ten years and a father with such a positive personality have turned Quinn's lad, Earl Holliman, into an irresponsible weakling whom Douglas

accuses of the murder. Getting the killer seems to be least of the marshal's troubles. In this town of hundreds, he stands alone determined to bring Holliman to trial. Tough as flint, with a fine cast, and a finis bound to produce nervous exhaustion, it's one of those Westerns with a special brand that separates this from the usual mavericks. (Paramount.)

Warlock

THE dictionary says "warlock" is a male witch, but this deals strictly with which male takes over the town of Warlock: Henry Fonda, Richard Widmark, Anthony Quinn or Tom Drake. The contest opens when the citizens figure it's high time an outsider was called in to clamp down on the lethal form of rowdiness spearheaded by Drake. Despite Dolores Michaels' warning, they hire Fonda, who arrives with gold-handled guns, and "partner" Quinn, a gambling man who helps supplement Fonda's meagre salary. Soon after, Dorothy Malone appears to straighten out some past business with Fonda. And Widmark cuts out from Drake's band to become a deputy. If anything, this combination of cross purposes and currents produces more violence than Warlock had seen in the past. Bullets fly, bodies fall, and the women go to all lengths for the men they love. In this



NOVICE surf rider Sandra Dee keeps James Darren very busy rescuing her in "Gidget."

rugged drama, inner conflicts struggle against a Technicolored backdrop of the vast outdoors. (20th Century-Fox.)

Gidget

FEW could take what Sandra Dee does before she, too, can connect with "togetherness." A scrawny tomboy with more brain than dimensions, Sandra, 16 going on 17, pursues romance like a rank amateur. For her, Nirvana is joining a bunch of beach bums, headed by Cliff Robertson. The boys don't readily take to this flat-chested creepy infant who wants to become a surf rider. The least susceptible to her girlish charms is James Darren, a surly, curly, bronzed Adonis in Columbia Color mostly occupied with rescuing Sandra from watery graves. Surfboarding under control, at last, Sandra is accepted, and now her major problem begins. How do you net a boy who believes, like Cliff, that freedom is the ultimate, man, the most. Strictly for the younger set, this spree by the sea skips most of the usual tripe about misunderstood youth. (Columbia.)

Never Steal Anything Small

THE Samuel Pepys of the underworld and racketeers, Damon Runyon could turn the sordid into the hilarious. Unfortunately, Runyon wasn't on hand for this. Even if he were, there's nothing really funny about the waterfront union cesspool. With James Cagney as the punk who angled himself into top spot of a stevedores' local, this makes a clumsy attempt to brighten dock politics with Color, humor, and song-and-dance. True, Cagney is a joy to watch, several incidents are quite amusing and two musical numbers deserve a better setting. However, the point this tries to put across; fight mire with mire, seems like feeble rationalization. Finally nabbed by the law, a year-and-a-half sentence is small potatoes for Cagney's past record, including the near break-up of the Shirley Jones-Roger Smith marriage. With Cara Williams, and an assortment of musclebound



PRETTY co-ed Diane Varsi is fascinated by strange Dean Stockwell in "Compulsion."



MARSHAL Kirk Douglas gets his man (Earl Holliman) in "Last Train From Gun Hill."

buffoons, this might have been fun had it not been based on the sort of gangsterism that could cripple America. (Universal-International.)

A Cry From The Streets

MOST of the kids in this are a grubby, unattractive crew, the sort that only a mother could love, but even their mothers don't love them. It's social worker Barbara Murray's job to provide temporary shelter for these homeless waifs while she tries to talk the parents into providing a proper home for the unwanted ones. She does remarkably well by ignoring red tape, rules and regulations. Until she meets Max Bygraves, hers is a record of uninterrupted success. Then, along with romance, comes something which Bygraves, more worldly about these things, has warned: Barbara makes the mistake of promising the impossible to one lonely little boy. A pleasantly sentimental import which introduces Max Bygraves to America. His face is ordinary enough, but 'ow, 'e's a fair charmer, this one. (Tudor Films.)

Thunder In The Sun

FROM a wild binge to nursing a wagon train of 50 Frenchmen fresh from the Basque Pyrenees to California, is quite

a transition for guide Jeff Chandler. The shock is greater when his bloodshot Technicolor eyes lamp fiery Susan Hayward. Wed to an older man, Carl Esmond, the wench is given to performing undulating folk dances, and splashing about raw in various streams. As the wagons move Westward, Chandler moves Hayward. In one of the ensuing scuffles to preserve virtue, Susan's husband is accidentally shot. According to an interesting Basque custom, the widow is immediately betrothed to brother-in-law Jacques Bergerac. Even this gambit fails to deter Chandler, but it takes a brush fire and an Indian ambush to convince him Susan's other qualities far outstrip the obvious. Rousing adventure which gives equal time to the open spaces created by Nature, and plunging necklines. (Paramount.)

Watusi

SON of a great white hunter, George Montgomery returns to Darkest Africa to take up his father's search for the lost mines of King Solomon. Naturally, Montgomery pooh-poohs the warnings of another white hunter, David Farrar, who knows what dangers lurk on the trek ahead. Their viewpoints clash again when the party rescues Taina Elg, a German missionary's daughter who had been captured by blood-lusting natives. Montgomery despises Germans (he'd been through

World War I) but Farrar is more broad-minded about this dishevelled dish. In truth, and Technicolor, there can be but little time for romantic flights what with natives, friendly and hostile, wild animals, snakes and other hazards to surmount. Besides keeping everyone out of idle mischief, these experiences cast new light into the materialistic crannies of Montgomery's one-track mind. (MGM.)

Tempest

ACROSS the Technicolored steppes of Russia sweeps revolutionary Van Heflin gathering Cossacks and peasants to overthrow the glittering Imperial Court of Catherine the Great (Viveca Lindfors). Caught in the undertow of violence is Imperial Army officer Jeffrey Horne and sweetheart Silvana Mangano. Horne, who had once saved Heflin from death, is spared along with Silvana when Heflin takes over the fort. Not so Silvana's father, Robert Keith, nor her mother, Agnes Moorehead. Because of Heflin's show of amnesty in the midst of this blood bath, Horne is accused by the army of treachery and sentenced to death. Again Heflin comes to the rescue with more bitter words and acid truth. Filmed in Europe, the sets seem incredibly authentic and everywhere there is evidence of intensive research not unlike a fusty, dusty museum. (Paramount.) **END**

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*Patent #2,644,945



IDEALISTIC about marriage Elvis will want a girl for whom it is as sacred as it is to him.

The girl Elvis Presley will marry

*Above all else, the future
Mrs. Presley must know
how to play the role of companion
so that Elvis will never
be depressed by the loneliness
that he dreads so much*

By HELEN HENDRICKS

SOMEWHERE in this great, wide, wacky and wonderful world lives the girl Elvis Presley is going to marry. She doesn't know it yet for lots of reasons. And all of them are—he hasn't asked her.

That's because the odds are a million to one he hasn't even met her.

Nevertheless, every female who has fallen under the Presley spell is secretly convinced she knows the kind of girl for Elvis. If she's an unmarried female, she's also secretly convinced she just might be the type herself!

But Jan Shepard, a beautiful and very happily married actress, really is the girl with the inside track on what Elvis needs in a wife. It's a subject she's gone into with him many a time.

"We started out," said Jan, "with me acting the part of his sister in 'King Creole,' and gradually we developed a kind of brother-and-sister relationship in real life. I honestly believe I think and worry now about Elvis the way his own sister would, if he had one.

"Naturally I want nothing but the best for him. But since Elvis is a very special sort of person, the kind of wife he should have needn't necessarily be right for anyone else. I don't mean he's special because he's a talent who turned out to be the biggest sensation in the entertainment world, though that's part of it and automatically sets him in a category all by himself. The question is: What makes him unique in *any* category? It's some unusual combinations of things that are rarely found in one individual.

He's shy and he's daring . . . Modest and confident . . . Demonstrative

continued on page 22





OUTGOING himself, Elvis would want a partner who is affectionate and freely able to show her feelings.

and reserved . . . Smart and naive. I could go on and on.

"The wonder of it all is that these endless opposites—these contradictory qualities and characteristics—never set up conflicts in him. They never make him inconsistent. He has an absolutely fantastic capacity for bringing every one of them into natural harmony and perfect balance with the others so they all add up—smooth and sure—to the one-and-only personality that is Elvis.

"So now you have at least some idea of why it will take a very special girl to make Elvis completely happy by recognizing and giving the right value to all his many phases.

"First of all, she has to be a girl to whom marriage is as sacred as it is to Elvis himself, and *his* feelings are very deep and idealistic. The wonderful relationship his father and mother had is the goal he'll subconsciously look for in his own marriage. When he says, 'I do,' it won't be with his fingers crossed. It will be a forever-after pledge."

Jan, who is just a few weeks away from parenthood she'll share with hubby Dirk London (Morgan Earp, Wyatt's younger brother in the TV series), paused and tenderly fingered her own wedding band, designed to cradle her magnificent pearl-and-gold engagement ring.

"THE girl Elvis marries," she went on, "should be—well—affectionate and freely able to show the warmth of her feelings, without reservation. You know, even with his friends, he's very demonstrative. He can't be near them without a spontaneous little pat now and then, or reaching out with those warm, strong hands of his for a reassuring touch of the fingers.

"That's the way we are in my family," he told me one time. "We don't just stand there. We show each other our feelings. I've got to express what I feel . . . I simply can't hold it inside of me."



ELVIS' wife will do well to have a sense of humor, get a kick out of teasing and enjoy practical jokes.

to his sensitivity, for Elvis has a very deep and abiding concern about hurting other people

"So that rules out the cool, sophisticated, chic type who worries about getting her hair mussed or her lipstick smeared," Jan warned. "She wouldn't fit into life with Elvis."

"His wife will have to be sensitive—sensitive in particular to *his* sensitivity. Elvis gets hurt himself at times and he doesn't like it a bit. But you should see how upset he gets in his concern about hurting others. This can be something of a problem until you get to know him."

"One day in the early part of our acquaintance, I'd had a late call and by the time I showed up on the set, Dolores Hart and Elvis were in the middle of a delicate mood scene for 'King Creole.' I immediately saw what was going on and quietly crept away to my dressing room, tiptoeing off without a word. I know how fragile these mood scenes can be, and I didn't want to break into anything."

"Later in the afternoon Elvis came up to me and said kind of uncomfortably, 'I'd like to talk to you.' He pulled me over to a quiet corner and asked, 'Is something wrong? Have I done anything to hurt you?'"

"At first I thought he was kidding. Then I realized he was genuinely upset about my not having greeted him. After I explained, he was quick to understand, but he said very earnestly, 'Please don't ever do that again!'"

"Like a good sister, I didn't. In fact, we made a joke of the whole thing, and the incident started us off on a running gag of wildly extravagant daily greetings that must have looked and sounded crazy to people who didn't know anything about our little crisis in sensitivity."

"This girl Elvis marries will have to be strong—but so subtle she'll never let him know it. She will have to encourage him without arousing any suspicions that would make him wonder if he's being weak when he worries about how he's doing. She'll have to be able to lift his spirits when they're down, and do it so cleverly he'll never even notice. She must never do anything to rob him of his essentially masculine destiny of dominating his world—especially that part of it which revolves around the man-woman relationship."

"If she's an actress, or some other kind of a career girl, she should remember every day in every way to make him feel that *he comes first*. That *he's the boss*. Above all, that he needs her companionship as much as her love."

WHETHER she's an actress or not isn't going to be especially important for Elvis' future wife, as long as she knows how to play the role of companion. She ought to be able to drop everything and go out on the road with him, or anywhere else, so he'll never be depressed by the fearful loneliness he dreads so much. One wife—the right one—who knows how to be a companion, would replace the whole gang of hangers-on that follow him almost everywhere he goes. Except for his real friends among them, they'd disappear like a shadow at high noon. And don't think for a minute that Elvis isn't perfectly aware of who his real pals are, as opposed to the fair-weather-friend variety.

"Maybe more than most of us, he finds his security in fellowship. It's a pattern that began, I think, in his close-knit family circle and, as the years went by, expanded to include a great many others who one way or another manage to give him this needed sense of security. I also think this dislike of being alone is what has kept him running around with so many different girls."

"I hope people who don't know Elvis personally realize that he never talks about the girls he goes out with unless he can say something good. He gets no kick out of gossip."



HE NEEDS a girl who will understand the little boy quality in him and not mistake his natural shyness with lack of self-respect.

Elvis goes out with each one of these girls, no matter how casually, because he sees something very nice in her. And not because he's on the prowl. He's most definitely no Good Time Charlie.

"The girl he finally marries should be a model of patience—let him set his own pace in arriving at decisions. Elvis is not a type to leap headlong into anything, least of all marriage. He's cautious, all right, but not exclusively for his own sake. There are a lot of times he's that way simply out of fairness to others."

"Once when we were talking about marriage, he said, 'You can think you're so much in love with someone—and she thinks she's in love with you. You want to sweep her off her feet and get married. She's willing to go along with it—but something holds you back.'

"Then in about two weeks the romance is gone and there's only a pleasant, take-it-or-leave-it friendship left between you and her. What if you'd gotten married? Where would that leave the girl? Tied to a guy who'd cheated her out of the real, lasting love she has a right to expect in marriage."

"There is living logic behind Elvis' deep sense of moral obligation toward everyone and everything he comes in contact with," declared Jan. "From all I've been able to learn, he never was the kind of kid who says, 'What the heck do I owe anybody? I didn't ask to be born!' Instead, without saying it in so many words, of course, his attitude is, 'What can I do to justify the fact of my existence when others, who might have meant so much to the world, must remain unborn.'"

continued on page 65

How Dolores Hart learned about boys



By Mrs. Harriet Gordon
(Dolores Hart's mother)

"I doubt that I ever told her anything that she didn't already know or sense," says Dolores Hart's mother

IT HAPPENED the night my daughter, Dolores Hart, made her Broadway debut in "The Pleasure Of His Company." Suddenly a boy was putting his arms around her and kissing her. Only it wasn't on the stage. It wasn't make-believe. It was for real. I'd come prepared to weep, prepared for a shattering emotional experience—but for other reasons, safe reasons up there on the stage. But not this. It caught me completely unawares!

You see, it was the first time I'd ever seen Dolores kiss a boy! Except for Elvis Presley on the screen. But this was different. Dolores wasn't playing a part in a picture. The boy who kissed her was expressing his own feelings, his own affection. In accepting the kiss, Dolores was doing the same.

Not that I disapproved of the act, or of the boy. I knew Dick back in Hollywood. He'd flown East just to wish Dolores luck on her opening. He was a fine boy, and he'd been interested in Dolores for some time. Still I had the oddest sensation when I saw Dolores kiss him. It kind of shocked me, I guess—not in outrage, but into belated awareness. I'd always thought of her as a little girl, and all of a sudden I realized she had grown up. All of a sudden she was a big girl. Holy Toledo, was she a big girl! She was about the biggest girl I'd ever seen.

Yet the curious thing is that Dolores always has been a big girl—even when she was a little girl, if you know what I mean. It occurred to me as she and Dick kissed how remarkable it was that in all her 20 years I'd never had any problems with Dolores about boys. Considering her beauty, I think most people will admit that's quite unusual these days.

Especially since she turned out so well, I'd like to think I taught my daughter much of what she knows about boys. But I find it hard to sun myself under that illusion. She was born with built-in good sense. I doubt that I ever told her anything she didn't already know

continued on page 26



DOLORES' adolescence was not the agony it often is with many teenagers. Her own innate wisdom taught her how to handle boys.

photos by Curt Gunther, Topix



LAKE in Central Park, New York City, evokes Dolores' curiosity. She's now in Broadway play, "The Pleasure Of His Company."

STROLLING through town, Dolores stops to pet horse. Her new film is "Lonelyhearts" in which she co-stars with Monty Clift.



or sense—or that I ever warned her of any danger against which she was not already on guard.

Not so long ago—in fact, shortly before she left to do her Broadway play—Dolores came to me and told me about the difficulties she was having with a boy she knew. He was of the same faith as Dolores, and he had tried to persuade her that their having a religion in common would justify the liberties he obviously wished to take. But Dolores was appalled by his reasoning.

"You know Mother," she was anxious to tell me about it, "it seems to me that he was using his religion to provoke an affinity. And Mother, I do not feel any attraction for him just because of that. I know in my heart that when the time comes the right feeling certainly will be there, but I could never feel obligated to demonstrate affection because of false religious professions."

I didn't have to help her think out her problem. She already had thought it out on her own. All I could do was nod, and offer silent prayers for her innate wisdom. Nevertheless, Dolores made me feel that my approval was very important to her. She seemed so relieved that I agreed with her that she made me feel as if I *had* helped her work out her problem. Yet if she hadn't chosen to confide in me, I would have had no idea it existed.

FROM earliest childhood, that has been a characteristic of Dolores. Most mothers shudder as they recall the delicate years of steering their daughters through adolescence. Dolores, bless her, spared me that agony. She always had better sense than anyone in a long line of Bowen girls—all of whom, like myself, married at 15, 16 or 17. I remember that when I was a little girl I thought someone should have talked to me, but they never did. I just thought it would be a good idea. With Dolores, it has worked the other way around. It seems to me that Dolores always has given me her shoulder, always has been comforting *me*, saying, "Don't

continued on page 62

SMILE lights up Dolores' face as she walks under the marquee of theatre where her show is playing. Critics praised her highly.



Dolores about boys. Considering her beauty, I think most people would admit that is unusual"



"MY DAUGHTER has blossomed into a woman with the will to meet every experience life offers, not the least of them marriage.

FRANK SINATRA

A Birthday for Frankie

*His 41st, celebrated last
December 12, was heightened
by a surprise party tossed by
friends and co-workers on
the set of his new picture*



SURPRISED by party in his honor, Frank's all smiles as he and Eddie Robinson walk onto stage where guests were gathered.

TOUCHED by tribute to him from 150 friends and co-workers, Frank seems a bit wistful as he clutches gifts presented him.





FLANKED by his co-stars in "A Hole In The Head," Eleanor Parker and Eddie Robinson, Frank cuts cake.



TWO of the guests who livened up the party were Dean Martin (foreground) and Sammy Davis, Jr. **END**

photos by Phil Stern



The gal who conquered time

Though she's now pushing 46,

Loretta looks young enough to play a 16-year-old

and her beauty's diminished not one iota

FOR SIX years now Loretta Young has not faced a movie camera, though she starred in almost 100 films from 1927 to 1953; and with her current popularity on the TV screen in "The Loretta Young Show," she may never again go near a sound stage. Yet she continues to attract some 20 million or more enchanted fans, and to each of them she is Miss Hollywood, Miss Honeysuckle and the Lady with the Camellias all combined. And she still walks in beauty like a star.

There are Loretta Young admirers who insist that their idol, now unabashedly pushing 46, could play a 16-year-old and get away with it, huge grey-blue eyes and all, but Loretta is the first to brush this away as sheer nonsense.

"People tell me I could do it," says Miss Young, "and my cameraman, Norbert Brodine, could make me *look* 16. But I could never play such a part. I know too much. I'm too mature. I don't feel 16, or even 18. It would just be ridiculous."

Ridiculous or not, this bit of "brown-haired fluff with the big blue eyes, the wide, generous smile and the nothing waist" has seemingly outlasted the generations. A week or so ago, a cynical Hollywood columnist watched Miss Honeysuckle as she made her confident, graceful entrance—Loretta likes to call it a "swirl"—through that door at the opening of her weekly NBC-TV show. "Nobody, but nobody," grumbled the columnist, "has any right to be that beautiful at her age."

No one knows exactly how the ever-verdant, ever-young Miss Young manages so successfully to make time stand still, but she does, and is also just about the greatest trouper among the great ladies of Hollywood. "Loretta," said one

continued on page 33

photos by Larry Barbier, Jr., Globe



THE EPITOME of Hollywood glamour, Loretta, it's been said, is "the chief example of how to get to the top and stay for keeps."

By FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

"You look at her and feel you are seeing a human being



ALWAYS living the part of a Hollywood star, Loretta dresses up like a Dior model when she has to make a trip into Beverly Hills.

TODAY, Loretta's measurements are exactly the same as they were when she first became a star: weight 112 pounds, waist 22 inches.



SHE'S almost completely helpless in front of a kitchen stove but has a grand passion for moving furniture—anybody's—around.



totally and joyfully in command of herself"

of her first directors, "is the town's chief example of how to get to the top fast and stay there for keeps."

Almost more than any other star, Loretta Young is Hollywood's own. She has walked the streets of Hollywood in patched shoes, and she knows those streets—the highways and byways and the cruel corners of a sometimes cruel town—in a different way than many other people. But most of all, she has been before the cameras almost daily since she was little more than knee-high to the curbstone at Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

"When I was just 11," Loretta remembered, her eyes shining, "some producer turned me down for a vaudeville show. I walked home with my mother and she says she can still hear me saying, 'Some day I'm going to be a big movie star, and then he'll be sorry.' As far as I was concerned, I was a big movie star all over the place ever since I can remember. Pure ham. I'm still a ham."

Loretta is happiest when the cameras are rolling—and in television "the cameras roll all the time." "On nights when our show reaches 20 million people at a single crack," she says, "that's probably more people than have seen all the pictures I've made put together. In our audiences today there's a whole new generation. You get an actress who's a ham, as I am, and that's reason enough to go on doing TV forever. I'm never going to retire."

When she first became a "name," a month or so before her 15th birthday (she was co-starred with Lon Chaney and Nils Asther in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh"), Loretta weighed 112 pounds and her waist measured 22 inches. Thirty years, 89 movies, 122 half-hour telefilms and three children later—her adopted daughter, Judy, and two boys of her own—Loretta Young still weighs a restless, slender 116 and her waist is status quo at 22.

"That voice of hers is still warm and could charm a cobra back into its basket," said an intimate. "She loves glamorous clothes and even her panties have frills. While it isn't quite true that she'd don a hunting outfit to set out mouse traps, yet when she has to make a trip into Beverly Hills for even a spool of thread or a birthday card, she dresses up like a Dior model, because, as she says, 'I never know who may see me.'"

Yet the ever-glamorous Loretta has her frailties: a trick of signing her letters "Me," a curious habit of still keeping her teenage braces on her teeth when she's not working, and an almost insurmountable yen for eating chocolates in bed. What's more, she's unbelievably feckless when faced with a kitchen stove, and she has a lust for remodeling and fussing around generally that amounts to an obsession. This probably stems from that period in her life when Loretta and her mother bought, re-decorated and sold, in rapid succession, a string of 13 old houses. On each transaction Loretta pocketed a glittering profit.

LORETTA'S passion for moving chairs around—anybody's chairs—is all but irresistible. Once, she dropped by to call on an old friend while on her way to an appointment. "Make yourself at home," the friend said, dashing upstairs. "I'll be back in a moment." When the lady got back to her living room, Loretta had shifted every stick of furniture. "There now," she cried happily, "isn't that better?"

But more than anything else about Loretta (she has been called "The Iron Butterfly" with some reason) is her strength of will, her singleness of purpose. "What Loretta says she will do, she does," said a long-time associate. "What she says,



NO ONE knows how the ever-verdant, ever-young Miss Young manages so successfully to make time stand still but she does.

she means. What she learns, she remembers. And let's face it—what she wants, she gets."

"I'm a gal with a job to do," Loretta has often said, "and I wear blinders for everything else." When her two boys, Christopher and Peter, were younger, she used to stuff earplugs in her ears so her exuberant offspring would not disturb her while she memorized her next day's lines. Even as a child, Loretta's steely determination made her unique among the girls in her convent school. She saw herself as merely marking time until she could resume her interrupted career in pictures. Her family still remembers the day when, on a visit to relatives, Loretta followed her Aunt Colleen around, as the older woman did her housework. Suddenly, the skinny, big-eyed moppet in patched stockings said, "Some day, Aunt Collie, when I'm a star, I'm going to buy you a new broom."

She did—at the age of 12.

"The 'I'll buy you a broom when I'm a star' story," Loretta's long-time friend and publicist, Helen Ferguson, declared, "is typical of the singleness of purpose that has marked Loretta's career. She is an orderly thinker, determines her course, and follows it—calmly, deliberately, firmly."

In a way, she has done even more than that. Said Tom Lewis, Loretta's second—and presently estranged—husband,

continued on page 60

"I've got nothing to hide"

*Being in the public eye has never been a
problem to Tony who feels that being frank
is the best way to avoid misunderstandings*



TONY never believed his fans would like him less for marrying Janet. His faith in them has been justified.

By VI SWISHER

"I WANT to have people see my weaknesses before they see whatever assets I may have."

Tony Curtis meant those words. They're an important part of his approach to living. And he's never lost a friend or a fan—or a movie role, for that matter—by practicing his Always Come Clean policy with everyone.

Tony figures he has nothing to hide. Not a darn thing. As a result, he has plenty to show by way of proof that his theory works like a charm.

Upstairs in the beautiful, spacious dwelling which so gracefully and graciously expresses the personalities of both Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, baby Jamie Lee was asleep in her crib. But down in the den things were jumping the way they do when there's a two-and-a-half-year-old like Kelly in the household.

Janet excused herself to go get dressed for the evening, and Kelly, her arms full of the odds and ends that little kids lug around from room to room, followed in her wake after piping a reassuring, "I'll be right back." That's what *she* thought! Mama Janet had other plans—like dinner, bath and bed.

Tony embraced the scene with a smile that warmed the cool dusk of day's end.

This was his home . . . his family . . . his life. A life crammed with the complexities of stardom, yet simplified by an almost startling no-holds-barred honesty.

"When people know my shortcomings right from the start," he said, "they aren't so likely to be disappointed in me later on, since they already know the worst.

"I think this hide-nothing policy started out as a defensive thing with me. I wanted to rob people of the opportunity of saying in that

continued on page 36



TONY CURTIS continued

half condescending, half accusing way, 'Hm-m-m, I never knew *that* about you!' or, 'You tried to con me into thinking you were an entirely different kind of guy!'"

"A few years back, when I was introduced to an influential man in the picture business who thought I had something on the ball, I naturally wanted to make a good impression. But just about the first thing I said was, 'I know my speech is bad.' It was like beating him to the punch. He didn't get a chance to say, 'You ought to do something about your speech.' I think he was kind of pleased, though, to find out that I recognized at least some of my defects—which is the first step you've got to take if you're ever going to correct them."

Tony may have been warned by well-meaning friends to keep the public out of his private life, but he thought so little of the advice that he can't remember any occasion when he tried to follow it. Certainly not when he was cautioned against marrying Janet because "it would make him less exciting to the fans."

"If I'd thought my success hinged on remaining a bachelor," he declared, "I would have given up acting and married Janet anyhow. But I don't buy that phony romantic bachelor bit as a must for male stardom in teenagers' eyes. They look for personality and performance just the same as everybody else does."

"No, the public hasn't infringed or trespassed in any way on my personal life. People never have told me what to do or what not to do or forced themselves into my affairs. Still

TONY has two daughters now; Jamie was born November 23.



PIGGY BACK ride is enjoyed by daughter Kelly who's a hula hoop fan. Tony's latest film is "Some Like It Hot," a comedy.



"I can't be bothered with either concealment or super soul baring; I just play it straight"

they've always been sympathetic and kind and understanding.

"As for me, I've never been self-consciously 'nice' either to individuals or the public as a whole. Nice or not, my attitude is simply the one I grew up with. I do whatever comes naturally. So does Janet. This is how we function best.

"Lately, however, I've had to become a little more selective than I used to be in parceling out my time. For a while, there was a period when I found I had no time for work because I was too busy doing interviews and picture layouts."

Now, Tony's too busy to spend more than a few hours away from the involvements of making movies. Between the time he finished "Some Like It Hot," with Marilyn Monroe, and started "Operation Petticoat," which he and Cary Grant are making together, his appointment book looked just about ready to burst its binding.

MY current and upcoming schedule won't let me go back to those old, leisurely days," he said. "I won't try to hide that, either. But there is no basic change in how I feel about sharing this life of mine with the people who have made so much of it possible.

"Sometimes I'm asked if my nothing-to-hide philosophy gives me a feeling of living in a goldfish bowl. The answer is NO. I have no more to hide from fifty or five million people than I have from five.

"If five people know you by reputation—and almost everybody is known by reputation to at least five people—it's little different from being known to five million.

KELLY'S had it; a loud wail signifies she wants to come down.



"I ENJOY having the public want to know all about me," says Tony who's never made a federal case out of the need for privacy.

"I don't make a problem out of it because it's not that difficult to be in the public eye. Maybe my outlook is a matter of temperament. You know how these things are. For instance, one man will feel secure and comfortable with \$500 in the bank. Another, with a couple of million to invest, will feel jittery about the future."

Tony looks on being in the limelight as a responsibility, and he doesn't think it's fair for him to meet the public unless he can do so with his usual open whole-heartedness. If he can't, he keeps himself to himself till he is able to clear up the situation.

"On one of our Eastern trips, Janet and I were scheduled to attend a New York premiere," he explained in making his point. "Neither of us was in the picture. We were just going to put in an appearance as guests. Meanwhile, a studio problem came up in connection with my next picture, and I spent most of the day trying to work it out with the policy-makers concerned.

"Only we couldn't get the matter settled without one of the key men who had gone up to New Haven for the weekend. It was growing late and the other men in on the huddle said I'd better knock off and get ready for the premiere. We'd take up our problem again the following day. I nixed

continued on page 71

DONNA REED

Donna and brood

*Wed to Tony Owen for almost
14 years and the mother of four children, Donna
happily combines marriage and a busy career*



photos by Curt Gunther, Topix

FAMILY group includes Donna, husband Tony Owen and their four kids: Tony, Jr., 11, Mary, 2, Timothy, 9, Penny Jane, 12.



AFTER a long career in the movies capped by a supporting role Oscar, Donna is now garnering new honors as television star.

REVIEW praising ABC-TV's "Donna Reed Show" gratifies both Donna and Tony, who just happens to be the show's producer.



RELAXING with a little piano music, Tony and Donna, who is a farmer's daughter from Denison, Iowa, put away their cares.



END

BOB HORTON

The man who



photos by Curt Gunther

BOB attributes his being chosen to co-star in "Wagon Train" to the fact that he would not be dominated by Ward Bond in tryout.

runs up hills

Hurdling obstacles, says Bob

Horton, star of NBC-TV's "Wagon Train," is

the surest way of getting

stronger and developing mental muscles



A HUSKY 175-pound six-footer, as a youngster Bob was racked by physical illnesses that made him rebellious.

By JIM COOPER

ONCE there was a fellow named Meade Howard Horton, Jr. At 17, he weighed a fat, embarrassing 205 pounds; he'd had a serious kidney ailment since he was ten, and one day, when he was trying out for football, he had to leave the scrimmage because the pain was so unbearable. His coach stared scornfully, then turned to one of the other players. "Horton would like to play," he sneered, "but he says he has kidney trouble. I think he's just yellow."

Just the same, there came a day when Meade Howard Horton, Jr., slimmed to a sinewy 175 pounds, stepped forward as a high school senior and accepted a small gold football as the running guard on Harvard Military Academy's championship football team. It was one of the memorable days of his young life.

Meade Horton, Jr., isn't around any more—he's Robert Horton now—but, at 34, he's still a stubborn, rust-haired man who remembers something his father told him and has been building his life by that philosophy ever since.

It moved him out of the ranks of nobodies in second-rate movies and lifted him to stardom in TV as Flint McCullough of the popular NBC series, "Wagon Train." But more than this, it has helped make Bob much of the man he is—a dominant, mature person who generally knows what he wants

when he wants it, and then goes out and gets it.

The advice? "It was really simple," says Bob. "For years I didn't understand it—or didn't want to—but when I did, it virtually changed my life. 'Look, boy,' my father said, 'you don't get any stronger walking downhill. It's the uphill walking that gives you muscles.'"

"That, and what TV producer Joan Harrison once told me—to be politely stubborn—have had a big impact on my actions. I think I was chosen for 'Wagon Train,' after nearly 30 other candidates had tested in a tense scene against Ward Bond, because I stood up to him in that scene and wasn't dominated. I knew I had to run uphill."

This faith in his beliefs has Bob playing Flint McCullough as though he had invented the lean-muscled trail scout. The way Horton sees him, McCullough is a refined, well-educated man who refuses to behave as a celluloid cowman is supposed to behave. "Why should I act like a movie cowboy?" asks Bob, quite logically. "I'm not a movie cowboy, and most of the real cowboys of the 1870's weren't, either. They were from the East, some from England and Ireland, and a lot of them were well-educated."

In the bright, sometimes fragrant lexicons of Westerns, there are certain time-honored clichés which only the most daring would defy. First, there are the "white hats and the black hats"—the good

continued on page 43



HOUSE he lives in is the same one Bob's had for four years. His success in "Wagon Train" has hardly changed his mode of living.



"I BELIEVE I'm close to being a mature man. I have a better understanding of myself now through understanding people."

THOUGH Bob feels he has won his spurs as Flint McCullough, it was far from easy. He had to "run uphill" from the very start.



"I've learned that you just can't run from trouble; you've got to face up to it and conquer it"

guys and the bad. There is the historic "Trampas Walk," that scene where Gary Cooper or Burt Lancaster walks defiantly up the middle of the main street, arms bent slightly, the palms of his honest hands curled near the butts of his six-guns, while his enemies, all ten of them, wait in the sinister shadows of the Red Dog Saloon. There is, most of all, the movie cowboy who wouldn't be caught dead unless he can squat down on his hunkers, pick up a stick and draw a picture in the dirt, saying, "Wa'al, now, *there's* how fur it is to the rustlers' ray-veen."

And then, of course, there's Bob Horton, a frontiersman with manners and a style—the last man you'd expect to find among the buffalo trails and the sagebrush.

In a sense there are *two* Bob Hortons: one who rides the plains each Wednesday night for "Wagon Train," and another who rides his white Thunderbird the balance of the week. If this Horton has a pair of leather chaps or a set of silver spurs or even a dress-up Stetson around his house, he keeps them well-hidden. The only "deadly" weapon Bob has is a coffee table made out of an ancient smithy's bellows of heroic proportions. It ends in a pointed black steel spout which few people can see against the brown and black Navajo rugs on the floor. Unwary guests almost always bark their shins and let out a painful "Ouch!" when they first encounter Flint McCullough's favorite coffee table—and that is *all* the lethal armament you'll find at Mr. Horton's.

But the man who lives in a tiny house like something out of Sherwood Forest is a strong and obstinate fellow; don't think he isn't. "I've had the same house now for four years," Bob says, "and there's no reason why I should move. I even have the same telephone number. I can afford to buy an extra suit or so, now, and take a friend out to a really good restaurant, without worrying about the cost. But beyond that there have been few changes since I got on 'Wagon Train,' and I don't plan on any big ones, either."

Some of Bob's critics have said, "Horton never did amount to much on Hollywood's picture sets, but as trail scout for 'Wagon Train,' he's in his element at last." This doesn't upset Bob at all. "I can't resent my failure in pictures," he remarked, tranquilly. "I don't see it as my fault; it might have been just the stories or the times."

Still, just getting the role of Flint McCullough, after all those dreary movies, was not unalloyed happiness for Horton, either. It was merely a beginning, not the end. Once again he had to prove his stubbornness—his belief in what he felt was right. Though Bob feels he has won his spurs as Flint McCullough, it has been far from easy. Rightly or wrongly, he felt he was being pushed around—and Bob has always resented being pushed around.

WHEN he was first chosen for the series, it was understood that he would be co-starred with old-timer Ward Bond, who plays the Wagon-master. "Before the show was a month old," Bob laughed ruefully, "I began to feel like a hired hand who has been voted out of the bunkhouse because he snores. It was tough sharing something with a guy like Bond, who has been around for 30 years. I never seemed to get any closeups, and the viewers sitting at home didn't know who I was, even in the minor action."

"Not that there was a feud between Bond and me. He's fine to work with. Ward's been in the business a long time and he's worked with many of the crew and most of our guest stars before. But doing a Western was exactly Ward's element. I had to find mine."

Bob had already done one thing few other actors would even dream of. "I was vacationing in Cuba," he recalls, "when I got word that I had the part in 'Wagon Train.' I drove back to Hollywood along the same route the old pioneer wagon trains used to take—Dodge City, Denver, Salt Lake, Reno, through the famous Donner Pass and on to San Francisco. I guess I'm a man endowed with a big lump of curiosity. I poked around looking at plaques and cemetery inscriptions, getting a good, solid feel for the terrain our 'Wagon Train' was to follow."

BUT when Bob began to feel like "the hired hand who had been voted out of the bunkhouse," he knew that once more he'd have to start walking uphill. Or even running. He preferred to believe that what seemed like pushing around was not intentional on any one's part. "So I sat down," said Horton, "and wrote a detailed sketch of Flint McCullough and gave copies to everyone connected with the production of the show. I remembered that in one story with Shelley Winters, nothing was said in the entire script that shed any light at all on McCullough's character. I felt that biography I had written would eliminate my being dropped into a story without any explanation of who I was."

If that was being a ham, Bob let the carpers make the most of it. The truth is, Bob's sketch of the imaginary McCullough reads as though he had known the trail scout personally. "It's so good," said one associate, "that the

continued on page 68



A GRACIOUS, friendly man, Bob feels he's licked the problems that caused two marital failures. With him is Jerie Garbutt.



photos by Curt Gunther, Topix

THE NEWEST queen of popular song is a doll-faced, doll-sized charmer who delights her dressmaker—and wolf-whistling males.

CONNIE FRANCIS

She carries Spring with her

The country's newest singing star

*has been making music and radiating sunshine since
the time she graduated from her crib*

By HELEN BOLSTAD

SHE'S THE girl who inspired composer and singer Neil Sedaka's first hit record, "The Diary."

She's the girl who believed in Bobby Darin in the pre-"Splish-splash" days when she had to lend him seventy cents bus fare to get back to Jersey from Times Square.

She's the girl on whom a substantial number of today's glamour boy recording stars have a crush. In fact, one of them said, "It isn't just that she's beautiful and fun and a fine entertainer. She's such a . . ." He searched for the word and came up with an old-fashioned one. "She's such a *good* girl."

She is also the only new girl singer to break through the all-male dominance of the rock 'n' roll revolution to score with three gold records and a succession of hits.

Her name: Connie Francis. Born December 12, 1938, in Newark, New Jersey. Daughter of Ida and George Franconero. Father is a roofing contractor and an amateur musician. Brother George, Jr., is in college. Lives in Bloomfield, New Jersey.

Her titles: "Most Promising Female Vocalist" in *The Billboard's* disc jockey poll. "Best Female Vocalist of 1958" in *The Cash Box* vote. To make it international, Patrick Doncaster, one of Britain's most influential record critics, named her "New Girl of the Year" and wrote in *The London Daily Mirror*, "American youngster Connie Francis takes old songs off the shelf, dusts them down and sings them like an angel."

This new queen of popular song is a doll-faced, doll-sized charmer who delights both her dressmaker and wolf-whistling males. She's five feet, one and one-half inches tall. "Don't forget that half-inch," she cautions. "I try to stand tall."

Ask her her measurements and she replies with a twinkle, "Bust, 34½—when I take a deep breath. Waist, 22—before dinner. Hips, 35½—and that's the half-inch I wish I could forget."

Her hair is so dark an auburn that it appears almost black. Her eyes are velvety brown and her skin is a creamy, gardenia tone. She's quick in her movements and seldom still. On stage, her happy vivacity can mesmerize

continued on page 47



CONNIE scans music of her latest hit, "My Happiness." She has had three gold records.

"I'm so in love with show business now," says Connie,



THE GIRL on whom a substantial number of today's glamour boy recording stars have a crush won't steady-date with anyone yet.

"I don't want to get serious about anyone"



POPULAR Connie was once so upset about her singing career she planned to enroll at Rutgers University to study medicine.

an audience into motionless, intense attention. Off stage, it can have its handicaps.

The aforementioned dressmaker, Miss Fanny Britman, who, with her partner, Emily Burk, creates thousand-dollar gowns for some of the world's best-dressed women and top entertainment stars, sighs, "That Connie, she dances all the time. She can't stand quiet two minutes. Never yet have I hung a skirt right for her."

Then Miss Fanny beams. "But how we love to make clothes for her. Connie runs into the workroom and has coffee with our girls. And she never fails to thank them when she leaves. It's like she carries Spring with her."

Connie, always a deeply cherished child, was not much more than an infant when her parents sensed that she might be headed for stardom. Her father says, "We never pushed her into anything. We just tried to open doors. We knew Connie had to make music if she was to be happy."

TO make music is a family characteristic. All four of her grandparents came from Italy, and for the Franconeros and Ferreras, music is as necessary as bread. One uncle is an amateur song writer. Another uncle, Gus Ferrera, was Connie's first and most enthusiastic fan. Her father customarily played the concertina every night after dinner. Tiny Connie appropriated it, with the result, that she began taking accordion lessons before she was four years old. Her first stage was the ward of a veterans' hospital. A local TV station was the next.

Her admiring Uncle Gus wrote a letter which put her on one of Arthur Godfrey's shows. Her father, not to be outdone, went to see George Scheck, then producer of "Star Time," an early network TV show featuring juvenile talent.

Scheck, who is now Connie's manager, and her father both take delight in telling the story of how they literally bumped

into each other at the door of Scheck's Broadway office.

Scheck had been beleaguered by parents. Without introduction, he said, "So you've got a daughter who sings. Sorry, I've got too many little girl singers."

George Franconero bristled. "But my daughter plays the accordion also."

Said Scheck, delighted, "She does! Come on in."

From then on, Connie was featured in "Star Time." When finally it went off the air, she was 17 years old and associate producer. She also acted in many TV dramas. A veteran of those shows recalls, "She had unshakeable poise. At early morning rehearsals when the rest of us were too nervous even to gulp coffee, Connie would come in, happily munching a big salami sandwich, calm as you please."

She was equally busy in Belleville High School. She edited the school paper, wrote and starred in musical shows, won a state typing contest, was valedictorian and won a scholarship to New York University. She cut her first song for MGM Records the week that she graduated from high school.

If ever a girl had a right to believe she was properly trained for immediate show business success, it was Connie.

It did not happen. That first record made a mild flurry so Connie planned for three days away from classes to do a promotional tour. Actually, she was gone three weeks. She couldn't catch up with her skipped assignments, so she dropped out of school, all set to become a big star.

Then followed what Connie calls, "my collection of bombs." She cut record after record. None of them sold. In the Fall of 1957, 18-year-old Connie took stock of herself and decided she was wasting her life. To her parents she announced, "I have to do something useful. I'm going to Rutgers University to study medicine."

Her parents approved her plan, but sentimental George Franconero also liked to hear his daughter sing. Reminding

continued on page 74

Bill Holden's double life

*A victim of wanderlust, Bill has
the happy faculty of shedding his Hollywood skin
in whatever lands he
visits and becomes a man reborn*



A NIGHT OUT for the Bill Holdens in Hollywood is a rare thing. Says Mrs. Holden, "Nothing impresses Bill less than stardom."

BILL Holden is an impassioned man in a hurry. The richness of the human mind rouses his insatiable search for knowledge and it's made him a familiar figure far and beyond the hue of Hollywood limitation.

During one of his treasured trips to the Orient, he was invited to have a leisurely lunch with a representative group of learned men. He found himself sharing words of wisdom with inventors, artists, scientists, politicians, business men and religious leaders. Typical of Bill, he was completely unaware he had made a deep and lasting impression, both as an exemplary individual and ambassador for Hollywood. Following the luncheon and Bill's departure, those who remained took to discussing him.

"William Holden is like our mythical Phoenix bird (a favorite symbol of eastern culture)," observed a glowing philosopher. "The Phoenix bird is the only one of its kind—it burns itself out—rises from its own ashes and lives through another cycle of years. The Phoenix bird is an emblem of immortality and having met and talked with William Holden, I feel that nothing can ever destroy his timeless potential."

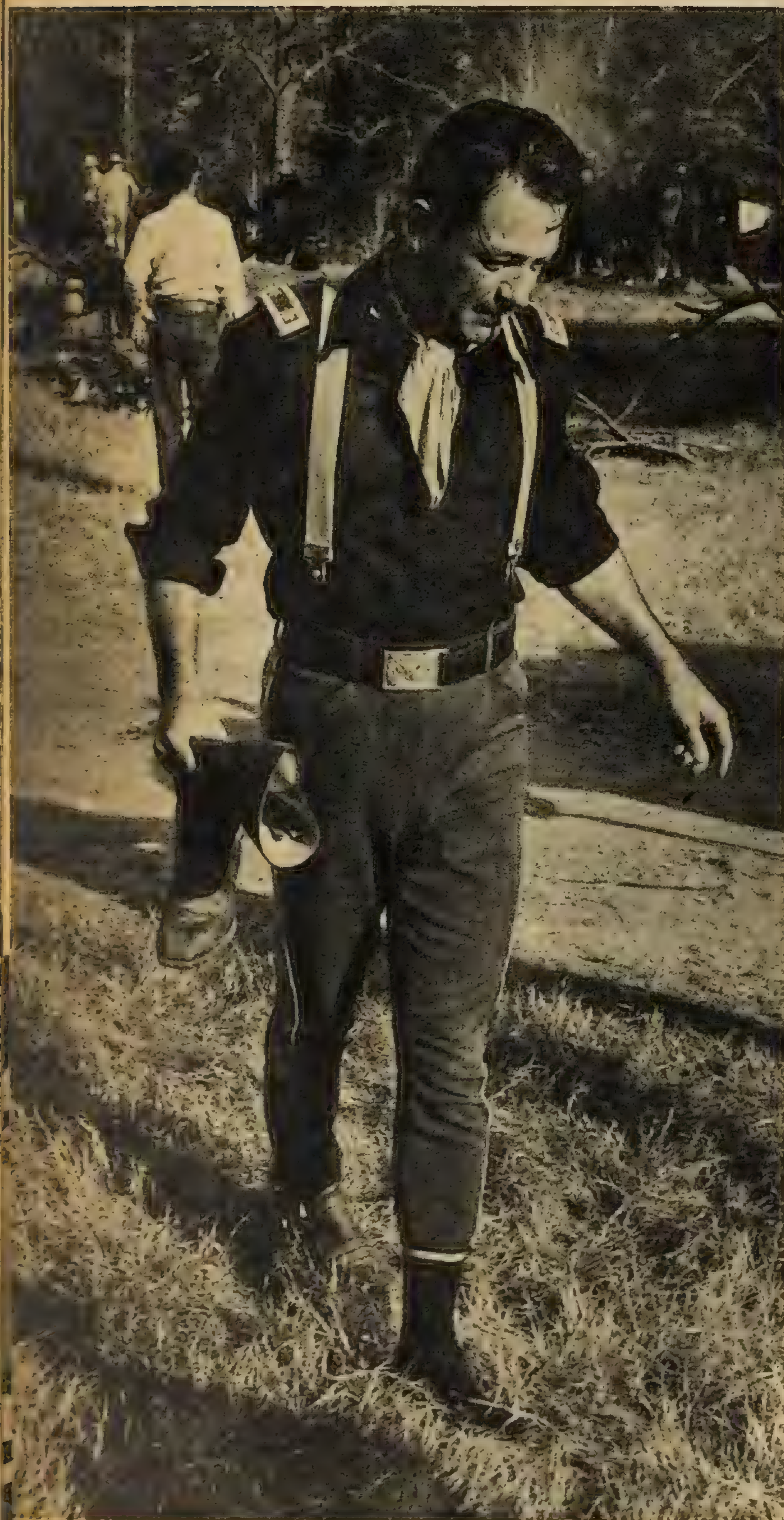
Those privileged few who know Bill—*really* know Bill Holden—have always known he has something extra-special to offer. Bill was born with wanderlust in his veins and an uncontrollable urge to court danger. This *need*, and it amounts to that, has driven him pendulum-like for 31 restless years and it was inevitable that Hollywood couldn't hold him indefinitely. Today he is a world figure and yet he remains loyal to the town that instigated film fame and served to bridge the tremendous gap between a prosaic life and his current adventures.

"There comes a time in every man's life when he should know what he wants," Bill confessed to a friend who had challenged the motives that propel him to the four corners of the earth. "After 19 years of film-making, I now know what I want and it isn't all Cadillacs, swimming pools and mansions. I am not afraid to fight for what I want and the time is long passed when I could be content to sit by and hope that things will come to me."

continued on page 50



Being a good actor and playing any role he believes in is more important to Bill than the outer trappings of Hollywood stardom



FILMING of "The Horse Soldiers," in which Bill stars with John Wayne, took him to the cold and damp swamps of Louisiana.

"I HAVE a real knack for attracting the worst possible location sites and we're usually working there the wrong time of year."

Things? Would Bill care to elaborate on this category? Temptation creeps into his eyes for a fleeting moment, before he lapses back into his usual reluctance to expose his innermost feelings.

"In my spot I meet many players at the beginning of their careers," reveals a studio executive who asks to remain anonymous, "so I've witnessed Bill Holden's astounding growth—from his \$50 a week stock actor days. His was a long, tough fight that hardened him on the exterior, but when he puts distance between himself and Hollywood—that's when you realize the inner-man has remained idealistic and purposeful.

"We've had many heated arguments across a desk and then, by coincidence, I've traveled where and when Bill has traveled and been in a position to observe the way he conducts himself in foreign countries. In contrast, in contrast that must be seen to be appreciated, he sheds every trademark that identifies him with Hollywood. His gentle approach indicates he feels free to accept another way of life and he's like a man reborn.

IN Hollywood, a careless informality does exist and it automatically loosens the reins. Our appearance oftentimes is casual to the point of being sloppy. Our interests become localized and tend toward complacency that isn't particularly progressive for the individual. In foreign countries, Bill Holden epitomizes everything of what is *not* Hollywood. He always wears a tie, a dark business suit, white shirt and hat. He looks and acts more like a proper gentleman from an Eastern Seaboard college.





ONCE taken for granted in Hollywood, Bill's driving force took him to the top. Today he can ask for—and get—\$750,000 per picture.

"When he travels, Bill gets up early, meets with brilliant, interesting people and has conscience about all people around him. He is an adventurer at heart and the sort of man who gets a big bang out of comparing points of view and reinstating his values. He speaks with authority that springs from his innate intelligence, he is interested in labor problems, new ventures and what is succeeding in whatever foreign country he happens to be in. His love and knowledge of painting and sculpture sends him scrounging around and, of course, makes him a great target in the Orient. He handles it all beautifully, including some of the strange foods that can give him indigestion for days. People are crazy about him everywhere he goes.

"No one remembers better than I, that there was a time when a sensitive, insecure Bill really needed Hollywood. But no one, his own studio included, cared much. He was taken for granted and, generally speaking, they visualized him having a brief span as a utility actor, pleasant to have around. Of course, they figured without Bill and that driving force within him. He hung on and through his own endeavors—has outgrown his need for Hollywood. Currently speaking, when an independent producer pays a reported \$750,000 to

Bill for playing in 'The Horse Soldiers' (opposite John Wayne) it proves who needs whom!"

"If such a thing is possible," volunteers the former Brenda Marshall, "I think Bill is too real to protect himself from some of the pressures that exist in Hollywood. One of the greatest, I believe, is his being confronted with the constant reminder he is a movie star. Nothing, and I repeat, *nothing*, impresses Bill less than stardom, as such.

"AS a small example, we have been married since July 13, 1941, and anyone can still get Bill on the phone. It could be a top studio executive calling, or the Fuller Brush Man. If he's standing next to the instrument, Bill picks it up and sometimes he gets stuck for hours—usually when he's been up and working like a slave since dawn.

"Because of this attitude toward his position in Hollywood, it leads him into accepting time-destroying obligations that play no part in his life, or have place in his heart. Being a good actor and playing any role he believes in, this is what arouses the best in Bill. I refer to his comparatively small part in 'The Bridge On The River Kwai.' He believed in the entire project and wanted to be associated with it. The ones

continued on page 66

NATALIE AND BOB

The



ALL EYES are on choreographer Alex Ruiz as he runs through dance created for "Say One For Me." Debbie Reynolds co-stars.

CHAT is between the Wagners and Joan Kelly who "dances-in" for Debbie Reynolds when Bob is rehearsing the dance number.



photos by Don Ornitz, Globe

Wagners hoof it

*When Bob started rehearsing
a dance routine for his next movie, his No. 1 fan joined right in*



DANCING together the Wagners make a graceful picture indeed. Natalie and Bob have been one of Hollywood's closest couples. **END**



Vera Miles Says:

'I'm glad I was poor'

*Poverty and loneliness as
a child gave Vera an inner strength and a
drive for success
that have carried her to the top*

photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



MR. AND MRS. Gordon Scott and their family.
Children are Kelley, 6, Mike, 1, Debbie, 8.

◀ **EARLY** hardships etched character and depth
into the face and personality of Vera Miles.

IT'S AN odd thing, but everyone reacts differently to poverty. With some people, early hurts built up an attitude of defeat and self-pity. In others, it propels them forward like a bullet. Vera Miles, who stars with Jimmy Stewart in "The F.B.I. Story," was in the latter class.

Vera's childhood was dogged with the kind of anxiety that hung over her like a grey fog. Instead of carefree school days, she knew the feeling of not belonging.

From the moment she was born, she was tragedy's child. Only a few weeks before she came into the world, a sister had died under terrifying circumstances. The father, mother and four children had been cooped up in a little shack in the Panhandle section of Oklahoma. There was always tension and confusion in the crowded place, and one night the youngest daughter grabbed some pills which had been prescribed in small doses for the father, and gulped a handful like candy. That night, the child woke up screaming and died.

Shortly after this tragedy, when both parents were still numbed with despair and guilt, Vera was born. Instead of celebrating her birth with joy, her parents were torn with grief and doubts. The misunderstanding between her parents mounted, and when Vera was a year old, the marriage dissolved.

Family life, drab as it had been before, became even worse. They moved to Pratt, Kansas, where Vera's mother got a job as a maid at the hotel and was gone from morning until midnight. Vera's older sister, Thelma, took care of her and Vera remembers that she had to learn to be quiet and keep out of the way. Later, Thelma married when she was only 15 and left the dreary environment. Her two brothers went to a CCC camp. This left little Vera with no one to watch after her at home, so her mother would often take her along when she went to work.

In order not to be a nuisance on the job, Vera had to learn to duck into closets not to

continued on page 56



GORDON, who is the movies' Tarzan, and Vera were married April 15, 1956. Kelley and Debbie are Vera's by a previous marriage.

YOUNG Mike will never want for love or affection if Vera has her way. Her own childhood was barren of parental affection.



The love and laughter that fill her life now

be noticed. While other children her age were cuddled by parents, played with dolls and ran laughing and yelling in the outdoors, the little girl with the flaxen hair pulled tightly back in braids and with enormous brown eyes filling her thin face, pressed herself into a corner, never smiling, never talking. Once, a guest saw her and, feeling sorry for the child who never smiled, impulsively gave her a doll. It was the only doll Vera ever owned, and she'd hold it tightly, pressing upon it the love she couldn't give to anyone else.

Her mother, for all her hours of hard work, earned only about \$12 a week, and Vera learned how to be on her own. She'd come home to the single room from school and prepare dinner for herself. Food was usually beans and potatoes because they were filling and cheap. She wondered what it would be like to drink a whole glass of milk and when she would ever eat meat again, as she once had when the manager of the hotel treated her to dinner.

"I had no friends," she recalls. "I was so used to being by myself that I didn't know how to enter a group and make small talk with them. I had been too used to day-dreaming, anyway, and I seemed to be far removed from everyone else. I was an outsider. Even though I was used to it, I felt miserable and lonely."

In her make-believe world she dreamed of a time when she'd leave the shabby one-room flat and live in a sunny home with lots of rooms. She dreamed of having pretty clothes, plenty to eat, and someone who loved her.



CENTER of attraction these days in the Scott household is young Mike who seems to be built just as sturdily as his famous father.

are helping Vera forget the dreariness, fright and hunger that were part of her childhood

But she knew that day-dreaming wasn't enough. When she was only 11 she started to work in the hotel dining room with her mother. She thought it would be wonderful to wait on tables, because of the tips. But she was so shy she couldn't talk to the customers, so she helped out by cleaning off the tables instead.

Because she had been so completely on her own ever since she was seven, Vera developed a strength within herself.

"Poverty and loneliness can be awful," she says, "but I gained a lot of security within myself because of it. I knew, after a while, that no matter what happened I could take care of myself. Nothing would ever frighten me again because I could find the solution within myself."

She did when she was 14. Her mother's work as manager of the hotel's coffee shop began to take her on travels, so it was decided that Vera would live with her grandmother in Wichita, Kansas.

VERA, who'd never learned how to make friends in her own home, found it even more terrifying being thrust into a new town. She retreated more and more into a shell, and was made ever more miserable because she and her grandmother didn't see eye-to-eye.

"We were two generations apart," Vera says. "We were like strangers, and we couldn't live together."

When Vera discovered that her grandmother could rent her room to a paying boarder, the situation became in-

tolerable and Vera moved out. Instead of weeping over her unwanted position, she did something about it. She went to the Western Union offices, and by fibbing about her age, got a job working after school until midnight. Where to live? She talked the local "Y" into giving her a room and meals in exchange for working in the cafeteria at breakfast.

"I didn't want to give up school," she says. "I knew how important it was to a girl like myself. I had to have the schooling so that I could get a better job for myself later on. I had to think of making a living, so I took up typing and bookkeeping."

For three years she continued in a rigorous groove, getting up at 5:30 to work at the Y, going to school until 3, then hopping a bus and working until midnight.

There was no time for boy friends or fun, no time for anything but work and school.

Then suddenly, the picture changed. Ironically, although she'd never been able to attend a school dance, she was named one of the queens of the Senior Prom.

This started her on a string of beauty contests which ended by her being sent to Atlantic City as "Miss Kansas."

But she wasn't taking any of her good luck for granted. She asked for a leave of absence from her Western Union job. "I'll need it when I come back," she told her boss.

"I had no talent," she recalls. "I couldn't sing or dance or entertain like the others. I went because it was a free trip and I'd never had a trip like that before."

continued on page 64

Say hello to Spring

and wear a new dress for the occasion!

By SUE COLLINS



YOU KNOW the feeling! Suddenly, you open the door and it's Spring! It's actually warm outside, and you think of vacations and beaches and driving with the top down. So who wants to wear a coat? This is the moment to have a new dress ready—a fresh, brand-new, nobody's-seen-it-before fashion that looks as sparkly as you feel. Otherwise, you say hello to spring in something you've been wearing all winter—and that spoils the fun. The dresses shown here are only three of the dozens of gay new fashions waiting for you in the stores right now. What's new? Checks are about as

crisp as you can get, especially with touches of snowy white. Prints are small and neat, either paisley or provincial. Lantern sleeves are the coming thing, big and jutting. The shirt-waist dress is making a big comeback, in every fabric you can think of. And the Empire is holding its own, especially with cummerbunds to emphasize the raised waistline. Skirts are staying short, although later they may dip in back. And maybe, just maybe, shoulders might broaden—although that's still a glint in fashion's eye. That's the forecast of coming hits, and you can pick three of them right here. When you



shop, remember that any dress is only as good as its fit. The two key places to fit are the shoulders and the waist. If a dress isn't right in these vital spots, it's not for you. Remember, too, to think about upkeep. The most exciting dress in the world isn't exciting if it spends half the time at the cleaners. That's why clothes you can pop in the tub and wear a couple of hours later give you the most fashion mileage. All three fashions shown here are washable, and two of them are drip-dry. That means practically no ironing needed, if any—and what a time saver that is! The prices? Sweet—and low!

Far left: The new lantern sleeves, with lavish embroidery, on a dressed-up shirt dress. Wash-and-wear cotton broadcloth. 5-15. By Teena Paige. \$10.95.

Center: Cumberbund empire sheath with double bow and white collar. Washable Arnel and cotton. Red, blue, black checks. 5-15. By Teena Paige. \$10.95.

Above: Look at the darling matched gloves that come with this provincial print dress! Wash-and-wear glazed cotton. Sizes 5-15. By Teena Paige. \$10.95. **END**

The Gal Who Conquered Time

continued from page 33

who now makes his home in New York, "Unlike most women, Loretta has always known what she's wanted, and she hasn't strayed from the goal in her life."

Loretta had married Lewis, a top agency executive, in 1940. One evening in 1953 the two were watching television in their Holmby Hills living room. The set was one that Loretta had bought at an auction given for the benefit of her favorite charity, St. Anne's Maternity Hospital for Unmarried Mothers. Dreamily, Loretta said to her husband, "I'm going to be on television. I've made up my mind."

"All right," said Lewis, "but it will take a little time to create the right series and produce a pilot film."

WHEN months went by and nothing happened, Loretta wearied of the delay. She is a lady who likes action, not dawdling or talking. She drove to her agents' offices. "Let's go!" she said. "Get a script and let's get going."

They did. The pilot was filmed and sold—or so it has been said—inside of four weeks. "The Loretta Young Show" went on the air in 1953, with Loretta's husband as the first producer ("I just wanted to get the series started," he has said), and it has been going ever since. It is NBC's top-rated show, the sole surviving anthology program; and whether Loretta is playing hostess, or such diverse roles as an Egyptian queen or a Japanese fisherman's wife, Loretta unquestionably gives the performance her all. "You know," said one of her staff with awe, "when Loretta did that Japanese girl, she rehearsed with a heavy rope bound round her knees, so she could really shuffle like an Oriental. Who else would do a thing like that?"

Some critics, true enough, have murmured that Miss Young is not, and never was, a great actress, and that her shows are little more than a kind of "John's Other Wife" soap opera. "Well," says Loretta, "if it's soap opera, it's good soap opera." She is also willing to admit that many women tune in just to see what she is wearing in the opening prologue and introduction. But she is passionately sincere, loves sentiment, and believes, very rightly, that there are millions of other people who do too.

"Just the same," said a man who works on her show, "she's got a practical streak, this airy sprite. When, comes the commercial, she tells you to pay attention to the man with the cheery advice about your soiled laundry, you pay attention."

People have been paying attention to Loretta Young now for more than three decades. Her goal was in sight almost from the day she was born—not Loretta, but Gretchen Michaela Young, in Salt Lake City, January 6, 1913. (Her friends, and even Loretta herself, think of her as "Gretch.") It isn't quite true that Gret-

chen first opened those huge blue eyes on Hollywood Avenue, and so went from Hollywood Avenue to Hollywood Boulevard. "It makes a nice yarn, but there's nothing to it," says Miss Young today. "Matter of fact, I was born at 227 J Street. We left there when I was around four years old—Mother, my two older sisters, Polly Ann and Betty Jane, and my brother John."

Little Gretchen's father, a "handsome but weak man," had vanished into the unknown, and her mother, a dauntless and remarkable woman, gathered together what must have been the prettiest covey of small girls and journeyed off to a place called Hollywood. Mrs. Young had no desire to become a movie mother. Instead, she opened up a boarding house.

It was Gretchen's uncle, Ernest Traxler, who got the child her first movie job at the ripe age of four. Traxler knew some people in the studios and took Gretch by street car down to Paramount. There he suggested to George Melford that his niece might do for a kid part in "The Only Way," a new picture starring Fanny Ward and Theodore Roberts.

"Well, she might do," said Melford, looking Gretchen over. "Bring her back tomorrow. And," he added, as an afterthought, "have her face washed, too."

The future Loretta Young's first acting role called for her to lie on an operating table and weep. The little ham really put her heart into it; she shrieked and carried on so, recalled one crew man, "that people came running from all parts of the studio, certain that disaster had struck." But she had made an impression, and other jobs came along for her. The rest of the Young family, delighted by the development, soon began working in pictures, too.

Yet there were weeks when the family was so beset by poverty that little Gretch had to go to school without socks. If this hurt her, she showed no signs of it. Eventually, Mrs. Young's boarding house prospered, and the girls were removed from camera range and enrolled in the Sacred Heart Convent School in Alhambra. A few years later, Polly Ann and Betty Jane (Betty had changed her name to Sally Blane) got back into the movies, but Gretchen had to be content with studying history and geography and arithmetic a little while longer.

IT WAS Director Mervyn LeRoy who put Gretchen in front of the cameras again when she was around 13. LeRoy, then making a picture for First National, phoned the Young boarding house to ask sister Polly Ann to report for work the following day. Polly Ann, at that moment, happened to be off somewhere on location, but this did not daunt Miss Gretchen when she answered the phone.

Said Gretch, in her most dulcet tones,

"My sister isn't in, but how about me? Won't I do?"

Her brashness must have hypnotized LeRoy, because Gretchen was hired for a role in "Naughty, But Nice," with the great silent star, Colleen Moore. (What Polly Ann thought about this is not on record.) Miss Moore, at any rate, was delighted with the big-eyed 13-year-old, gave her a new film name, Loretta ("Gretchen" was too "Dutchy"), and walked hand in hand with her into First National's front office. There she announced, in the throbbing Colleen Moore way, "You must place this beautiful child under contract at once!" First National did, at \$50 a week.

AND yet it was not until Loretta was 15 that she got her first big and truly showy role in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." For Loretta, it was to be a milestone in more ways than one. Her director was Herbert Brenon, one of the great and feared megaphonists of his day. Loretta was to portray a tight rope walker, in a ballet skirt. Brenon made it clear that the girl he had in mind had to have beautiful legs. When he told Miss Young this alarming piece of news, Loretta started for the door. "Goodbye," she said, "my legs are like sticks." Brenon stopped her. "Your legs can be padded," he growled. "Likewise your body. It's those eyes of yours I need; they're irreplaceable."

Even so, Loretta was cowed by the irascible Brenon all through the picture. Once Brenon, carried away by a scene, let Loretta run out on the tightrope instead of using a double. Hoping to intensify her fright, the director yelled, "Come on, hurry across that rope. Don't stop, don't stop!" Panic-stricken, the 15-year-old obeyed, and then at the end of the take, she jumped, to keep from falling. In jumping, she bruised herself badly. Brenon, so the story goes, gathered her in his arms, crying, "My poor baby! What have I done to you?"

That night Loretta's sisters got some gilt paper and cut out a huge star, then pinned it to her bedroom door. Underneath they lettered the words: "The Star's Room—Silence."

But most important, Loretta really grew up working with Brenon. As implacable a perfectionist as Loretta herself, all too often he would scream in front of everybody. "You are a terrible actress!" and reduce her to tears. She was woefully sitting on the floor in a corner of the set one day when Lon Chaney came over to comfort her. "Nothing like this is worth breaking your heart," Chaney said. "If they kick your heart around like a football, pick it up and brush it off. You're going places—if you keep your head. You've got something and Brenon knows it. So you must forgive him if he expects too much."

She stopped crying, and, she says, "I've never cried over my work since."

Yet hers was an impetuous youth, as she confesses. "I always hated the word



STILL as exuberant and cheerful as ever, Loretta makes a business of being a star.

'prudence,' she once said. "I wanted to rush into things and do them right away, without thinking." She was only 17 when she eloped to Yuma, Arizona, with actor Grant Withers, then left him in less than a year. When Miss Young took the stand to testify in her separation complaint against her husband, the judge asked, "Did he buy you any food?"

"I should say not," Loretta answered. "I paid all the grocery bills."

The marriage, according to the records, was officially annulled. Yet she didn't lack for men. Loretta became known as "the beauty who cannot stay in love," and people began asking, once the Withers mistake was out of the way, why she didn't marry again. But apparently Loretta was having too much fun to want to settle down.

One day, after she had been under contract at Fox for a long time, she stalked into Producer Darryl Zanuck's office and told him she would never make another picture for him—ever. "And you know why?" she cried. "Because you've never given me a raise or sent me flowers, like you've done with other stars." "Why, Loretta," said Zanuck, with a puzzled expression, "you just never asked."

"Right then and there," said Loretta, "I learned that you really have to fight for yourself every moment in the motion picture business."

And fight she did. She began to freelance, and when Dore Schary, who was about to produce "The Farmer's Daughter," suggested the role of the Swedish Katie to Loretta, she listened. "You mean you want me to play with a Swedish accent and a blonde wig and all?" she asked. "Don't you think that is dangerous for me?"

"Yes, it is," said Schary. "You could be awful. But if you're right, you'll win an Academy Award."

Loretta did win, of course, graciously accepting the golden Oscar with a charming little speech that began, "At long last." She made other pictures, but they were not spectacular successes, and soon she found herself worrying about the slump in her career. But, characteristically, Miss Young did more than worry. She got herself a winning TV show, and she's been winning laurels with it ever since.

In many ways, Loretta's judgment has been unfailing. Among the leading men she picked for "The Loretta Young Show" were three huckos who have since become TV toplineers. But when they first came on the screen opposite Miss Young, home screen viewers were completely unacquainted with the names of Hugh O'Brian (Wyatt Earp); Jock Mahoney (Yancy Derringer), and George Nader.

But most of all, Loretta makes a business of being a movie star, and this dedication has brought her both friends and enemies. A young woman who has been close to Loretta's show for a long time said, "Certainly she's no 'Hi, Toots' kind of girl, nor can you give her a friendly pat or kid her as you can many stars. Everything's very formal with Loretta. Maybe it's not altogether her fault, but she's just not easy to know."

Others, more perceptive perhaps, see Loretta as a star who in her long career has done as much work as two men, and is still as fresh as a breath of air. Said one writer, "You look at her and feel you are seeing something you don't often see—a human being completely and joyfully in command of herself."

DESPITE a back-breaking work schedule that would buckle the knees of a Hercules, Loretta is still as exuberant and joyful as ever. Even a serious illness in 1955, when she had to miss 18 full shows (friends like Ann Sothern, Rosalind Russell and Barbara Stanwyck took over for her), didn't dim her enthusiasm. When she's working, her theoretical "free" time is listed in her schedule as "alternating Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays," but her actual "free" time is nil. In order to make her 7 a.m. call, she sleeps in her dressing room apartment at the Goldwyn Studios, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights. "It's no life for a playgirl or a social butterfly," said the director. She is driven to the studio by her maid, and she rides to the set because she never walks. "I wouldn't even walk across my living room," she once laughed, "if I could get a ride."

The only real trouble people have with Loretta is a curious notion that her left profile is her better, or "chocolate," side. Everyone else, of course, thinks she is mistaken, but Loretta can always manage to bring up excellent reasons why she should be photographed from the right.

Miss Young truly has a mind of her own and always has had, and it may be this quality, coupled with her 24-hour-a-day devotion to her career, that caused the rift in her marriage. Both Loretta and her husband have repeatedly denied all the breakup rumors, but the two are definitely apart. In March, 1958, Lewis filed suit against his wife's production company, claiming "dishonesty, mismanagement and unfairness." He also stated in the complaint that "he had resigned as an officer and director at Miss Young's request, and that he had signed an agreement dividing the community assets two years earlier."

LORETTA insists that "there is no formal separation as far as she is concerned," while Lewis himself has compounded the confusion by declaring: "My home has always been in New York and my business interests are there. It's ridiculous to say that Loretta and I are separated in any way other than by career. Besides, the suit was filed as much for Loretta's protection as for mine." A curious statement indeed after some 17 years of presumably happy marriage, when Lewis' home and work were definitely in Hollywood. But more poignant, too, so far as Loretta is concerned, is that her two boys, Christopher and Peter, are staying with their father, while her adopted daughter, Judy, is now the wife of Joseph L. Tinney, Jr., a young TV executive, and she, too, is living away from home.

There are, in the living room of Loretta's magnificent West Hollywood apartment (she built the building), an Oscar, two Emmys and a big assortment of other awards lettered with her name. She has wealth and incredible loveliness, and she always looks as though "she has just turned her head in the moonlight." She has managed, most of all, to make time stand still, even at 46. Perhaps, for Loretta, all this is enough, and for it she is willing to pay the hardest price of all to pay—the price of success.

"Loretta was raised before the camera," a sister star remarked. "She's talked of getting away from it all to Hawaii, say, but she knows she's just clicking her teeth. Hollywood's deep in her blood and vice versa, and she truly loves everything about it."

Everything, perhaps, except the loneliness. Even Loretta may wonder, at times, if loneliness isn't too much to pay for the sweet smell of success—or the ever-present need to make time stand still. But as long as she can walk in beauty like a star, she'll stay forever Young, fresh as a breath of air, and a human being completely and joyfully in command of herself.

END

How Dolores Learned About Boys

continued from page 26

cry, Mother, I'll take care of you always."

With such a lovely daughter on my hands, I won't pretend I didn't feel the same anxieties as other mothers. Dolores and I have talked many a night under the moon and all that. We'd go out in the backyard, sit in the chaise lounge and talk girl talk. Once when Dolores was 11, I mentioned the dangers when a girl is promiscuous.

"Mother," Dolores asked, "what is promiscuous?"

"That's when you know in your heart what you're doing is wrong," I replied.

I don't think Dolores has ever forgotten that. I know she's never done anything that she felt in her heart was wrong. I guess she's had God's hand on her shoulder. She has so much heart. That's what makes me happy. It's Dolores' heart.

We looked forward to our occasional chats, and we had another one of them when Dolores started dating. It was never a case of Mom reading the riot act. We always had a wonderful affinity. It was a thing we felt together. We always had a communication.

Birds and bees time is very delicate, and too many parents shy from facing it, sometimes at high cost to their children. My own parents, for one reason or another, never got around to discussing it with me. Although I can gratefully say that God has been kind to me, I certainly could have been none the worse if my folks had seen fit to acquaint me properly with the facts of life.

"Sex is not wrong," I assured Dolores. "It's God's creation. It's the way God makes living things. There would be no such thing as children if not for sex. Therefore it's right and beautiful—when it's sanctified by marriage."

I said it as an act of duty rather than necessity. I didn't really have to tell this to Dolores. She knew it already. I have often suspected that she was born with the heart of a saint. If no one ever had spoken a word to Dolores, I fully believe she'd never do anything wrong. She just happens to be about the sweetest thing that God ever put into the world. And if I sound prejudiced, who has a better right to be?

"Just be good," I would tell her. "Just be clean. Never lie to yourself and never lie to your God."

When she was 12, I said to her, "Sweetie, look, you're a big girl now. One day you will get married. Until then there are certain rules you have to keep. You're just a young girl, but by all means keep the rules."

Above all—if I can take credit for one thing—it's not so much what I said to Dolores as she grew up, but how I treated her and her boy friends. I never doubted her or them, never spied on them, never questioned them. I gave her freedom, and

in return she gave me full vindication.

Dolores has just turned 20. She's a teenager no more—a child no more. Yet I can honestly say I never treated her like a child. In all her teens, I can recall imposing only one restriction on her.

The first time a boy asked for a date, he wanted to take her in his car. He was a real nice boy from a very nice family. But I just didn't think it was safe for teenagers to drive at that particular time. It was simply a question of not risking an accident.

"Go ahead and keep your date," I told her, "but do it on foot."

So they walked to the La Reina Theatre, and they had a grand time.

That was the only don't I invoked. Any other don'ts that Dolores may have enforced were, I'm sure, a result of her own good judgment—and religious training.

Later, when Dolores herself learned to drive, I had no objection if she drove with dates. I felt if she could drive, why couldn't she get herself out of any situation? I told her only one thing, "Too easy, too late." It was a word to the wise, and Dolores, being quite wise, it was entirely sufficient.

I PRACTICED an open door policy. It always was open house and a big pot of spaghetti. I'd open up the doors and always bring the kids in. I'd have 3 or 4 girls over for a sleeping party. I never made Dolores feel guilty about asking a boy over, and there's never been a boy to the house who ever was poorly behaved or disrespectful. They'd always be on their own. They would take her to Mass, go to the movies, sit and listen to music, work on various projects in the garage. They always had a good and wholesome time without my hovering over them. So often Dolores would have a boy over, and my husband and I would seclude ourselves in another part of the house instead of our presence annoying. It seems to me so simple. It makes for better children—if Dolores is any criterion, and I most certainly think she is.

Dolores never did anything clandestine. She didn't have to. She always knew even before she asked that I gave her credit for knowing how to conduct herself, and that my consent would be given as a well-earned vote of confidence.

"May I have a sleeping group over this weekend?" she would ask.

Always the answer would be yes.

The time to worry—and, tragically, by then it's usually too late—is when a girl feels she has to sneak around behind your back.

I'll have you know that Dolores was playing with boys long before she ever thought of dating them. She always was running around in sweatshirt and jeans, tinkering with things, keeping busy, using her hands. I'm sure the boys rarely



WISELY, Dolores avoids the mistakes of others, feels she's too young for marriage.

ever thought of her as a girl. She was just their equal. She'd get on the roof and help fix the TV aerial. She'd help mechanically and repair things. She'd always be in the garage working on projects with boys from the neighborhood. She'd work with them on puppet shows. They'd get together and paint—I mean art, not the side of a barn. They used to take bikes apart and put them together again, fix electric plugs. Long before the picture called "The Fly" was made, they had a science project and built a big mechanical fly. The garage was a community gathering place. She had the most wonderful rapport with the boys. They weren't sweethearts. They were comrades.

Often she'd bring lizards and snakes into the house, and oh, how she'd infuriate me. She'd bring in a lizard and stroke his back, and I'd almost faint.

"But Mom," she would say, "Gabriel got him for me."

As if that somehow made it different—and somehow it did!

From earliest childhood Dolores was at ease with boys, and they were at ease with her. They were comfortable with her. They liked her, and they respected her. They liked her so much, in fact, that not until recently did they stop to reflect on how lovely she is. The result was, I offer deep thanks, that she came out knowing how to handle herself and how to handle them.

In those carefree days, Dolores learned one of the most important factors in getting along with boys. She works *with* them—not *at* them. And she knows that what was true in the garage when she was a member of a neighborhood do-it-yourself pack, has to be true in her later relationships with men.

"When the time comes that you decide to get married," I told her, "and you want to be loved, you have to give love. You don't have to work at it. It comes to you, and when you give, it comes easily."

Fortunately, Dolores has the rare capacity to learn from the mistakes of others. She learned one of her biggest lessons from a mistake of mine. I married too young. Neither of us was old

enough when we married, and we naturally paid for this mistake in frustration and unhappiness. We really were much too young to know what we were and what we wanted out of life—and it was inevitable that our marriage should fail. Dolores has been very sensitive to this experience of mine.

And she has had more than her share of opportunities—if not temptations—to marry young. When she attended Corvallis High School, one of the loveliest and most popular young ladies on the campus, more than one hopeful young man set his cap for her. Once when what she thought was merely a good friendship ripened into emotional involvement on the part of the boy, he asked Dolores to become his wife. Of course, she had to refuse him. But she did it as gently and honestly as she could. She explained her own deep-seated distrust of early marriages, and cited my experience as one of the reasons for her thinking.

"My father is a wonderful man and I love him dearly," she told him. "I feel the same way about my mother. And I can see myself how their worlds really could not work out together. You can't say it's either person's fault in a situation like that. The only fault is that they didn't give themselves an opportunity to grow up before they married."

She was terribly upset when she came home. She felt dreadful about hurting the boy's feelings.

"Oh Mother," she was close to tears, "I do so hope he understands and doesn't feel too badly. I pointed out we both were going to college in the fall, and what's more, to different colleges. I explained I wasn't in love with him to the point where I'd give up the thought of going to college to marry him. Even if I thought I was in love, I wouldn't trust myself. There were too many possibilities I might be reacting to emotional things."

I put a comforting arm around her.

"IF IT really was love," she continued, "waiting and seeing what happened to our feelings wouldn't hinder it, would it? For any teenager, a love strong enough to end in marriage should be able to stand the test of waiting, of seeing other young men. Don't you think so, Mother? No ring around your finger or ring around your neck would be a protection. A wedding ring is not a magic wand that would ward off other intrusions. If seeing other young men would interfere with love, the love isn't solid. I told him it was so silly to put this test to it. I feel that love is not an obligation. It's the way you feel, not the way you *should* feel."

Such maturity was not unusual for Dolores. She displayed it throughout her teens. Her own determination to give herself an opportunity to grow up before considering marriage was unwavering. No amount of pressure from marriage-minded boy friends could budge her.

I was so grateful that she understood the avoidable heartbreak I had endured.

Naturally I didn't want her to marry as young as I did. I wanted her to express herself first, to do all the things a girl should do and to meet all the people a girl should meet before giving herself to marriage. I didn't want to see her waste her youth. I think marriage is wonderful, and I'd like to have ten grandchildren. But I'd like to see Dolores have a lasting marriage, good for 50 or 60 years. I wouldn't want her to go through two or three marriages. It's a good thing when a girl can say to herself, "I give myself to one man."

But Dolores scarcely needs any urging from me to think along these lines. It always has been her dearest and unswerving dream to love one man and one man alone, forsaking all others. So many times, even when I have been impressed with a boy friend, she would chide me, "I know he's a very nice boy, Mom, but I'm just not ready yet. There's so much I want to do first."

SHE always has been very frank with boys about her aversion to going steady. She's discussed this with me many times, and I've always been amazed at the clarity and maturity of her thinking. Verily, it was as if I were the daughter and she the mother.

"The basic reason most teenagers go steady, Mom," she would tell me earnestly, "is not because they're in love with one person. It's because the need for a feeling of security is stronger than their need for a feeling of independence. Most girls I know who go steady do it mainly so they'll have a date next Saturday night, so they won't have to run the risk of somebody not asking them out. Then tend to romanticize too much. A lot of times it's just because it's the time of the year, or the thing to do. It's because it's the fashion in the crowd to be madly in love with somebody."

Dolores always had one test that she not only used for herself, but which she persuaded many of her classmates at Corvallis to apply when they were tempted to go steady.

"A girl should ask herself one simple question," she said. "Would she give up anything she valued very much in order to go steady? For instance, if she had a chance to go on a vacation, to get a new wardrobe, if she had a chance to do any of a variety of silly mundane things, if she had the chance to do all these things, would she willingly throw over this mad, wonderful romance that she was so very involved with?"

Many of the girls at Corvallis actually followed Dolores' counsel, and they always seemed happier when they decided they had plenty of time to go steady, after all.

"Kids deprive themselves of so much fun out of early life by getting tied down with one person," Dolores would tell me soberly. "They don't give themselves a chance to grow. They see only one facet of life. There are so many undeveloped

potentials when you're in your teens, which are still formative years. You squelch so much of yourself to the point where you become smothered. You give up all chances of doing something later in life, and by the time you're 19 or 20, you're tied down with a baby. Kids who go steady say they have no intention of getting married. Then why in the world go steady if you have no intention of getting married?"

Dolores spelled it out much better than I could.

"The dating years," was her point of view, "are the only time to go shopping, to find out what kind of person suits you best. You're not giving yourself a chance if you don't examine the various personality types."

She would see hazards in steady dating that I frankly did not even visualize.

"If the second or third time you're let out of the house you decide to go steady," she pointed out, "and you end up dating the same boy for three or four years, you're in for a jolt. Suddenly dawn hits him. He realizes he's only a kid, and he's got a lot of living to do, and he breaks it off. If a girl thinks it's hard to get a date while playing the field, she should try getting a date after she's been out of circulation four years."

In her forthright manner, Dolores didn't avoid the moral implications of steady dating, either.

"Gee, Mom, boys and girls in their teens awaken to emotions they're not used to," she recognized the core of the danger. "Too often unfortunate experimentation leads to difficult situations kids wouldn't get into if they weren't in constant association with one boy week after week. There are certain intimacies, petting and so forth, going on which really shouldn't take place between boys and girls these ages. A girl should have a certain reverence about herself. She should have a knowledge that there's a time and a place. Often just because a girl is going steady she feels obligated to permit liberties. When she does, she feels a shame that is bad psychologically for her. It is hard for her to realize until too late when she has gone too far."

The incredible thing—I just gasp when I think about it—is that these are things Dolores would say to *me*. No wonder I found it necessary to say so little to *her*.

Yes, I've always known Dolores was grown up, so very grown up for her years. But the first time I actually saw her kiss a boy brought home to me that she is not only grown up in thought, but in fact—that my daughter has blossomed into womanhood, a woman with the will, the character and the gift of talent to meet every experience in life—not the least of them marriage.

It's difficult, in Dolores' case, to pinpoint exactly how she learned about boys. But how *well* she learned, and how wholesomely!

No mother could wish for more. Certainly not this one.

"I'm Glad I Was Poor"

continued from page 57

The answer to her future seemed to come when she placed third and won a \$2500 scholarship that would help her through college. She could see the end of poverty now. She'd study to become a school teacher.

But that's not what life intended for her after all. Several movie talent scouts who flocked around the "Miss America" contest, noticed the aloof, blonde girl. Because she was still too shy to mingle with the other girls, Vera remained by herself. Scouts from three studios were struck by her seeming cool personality and compared her with Grace Kelly. They all offered her term contracts. "You have a patrician air," one of the scouts told her. "You look like a debutante." And Vera smiled.

Because she was actually frightened at the prospect of becoming an actress—a career she'd never dreamed of in her wildest fantasies—she couldn't say a word. Mistaking the hesitation for reluctance, the RKO man tried to persuade her to accept. We'll pay all expenses to Hollywood for yourself and your mother. We'll do everything to make you happy."

Who could turn down a free trip to Hollywood? Because her childhood had given her so little in common with young folks, she had no desire to throw herself into the social whirl that surrounds a beautiful new starlet in Hollywood. She took advantage of the acting lessons the studio offered its contract players and concentrated on improving herself as an actress, instead of making the glamour round with the eligibles. People at the studio wondered that such a beautiful girl was willing to give up the fun and excitement of Hollywood to study, but only Vera knew that the hurts of her childhood impelled her to keep going. Nothing else mattered except that she make something of herself.

However, her inexperience with young folks made her confuse the kindness of a boy she met at the studio with love. Bob Miles was working at the studio and was assigned to drive her around. Bob told her she was lovely and wonderful and that he loved her. For the first time in her life she discovered what it was to have someone around to care about her and impulsively she eloped with him.

Almost from the beginning she learned that the marriage wouldn't work out. They were too young, for one thing, but because she knew the tragedy of divorce in her own home, she was determined to stick it out. Two little girls, Debbie, now 8, and Kelley, 6, were born.

She stuck doggedly to her marriage for six years, only because she dreaded a broken home. One day, she realized with a pang that the six could stretch into sixty unhappy years, so after talking it over, she and Miles agreed to separate.

Her career wasn't doing well, either.

Her contract at RKO had lapsed, and a term at 20th and Warner Bros. had also come and gone. Work was scanty and the old anxieties returned, but she wouldn't be licked.

She had learned how to stand on her own two feet as a child, how to hold down two jobs and school work without cracking, so she knew in her heart that she could, somehow, take care of her little girls.

"That," she says ruefully, "was one of the advantages that hard knocks gave me. I had developed a will like iron. I felt that I could get along. It was nothing for me to work 18 hours a day, and I could do it again if I had to."

She managed to do the leads in many top TV shows, like "Schlitz Playhouse"



IT TOOK Gordon two years to talk Vera into marrying him but she has no regrets.

and "Medic," but the work was uneven. There was no false pride about her. She knew what it was to be hungry, and she was determined that her little girls would never wonder, as she once had, what it would be like to drink milk out of a glass like water. She was about to apply for a job at Western Union again, when she received a call to see John Ford, one of Hollywood's biggest directors.

"Would you like to do a picture for me?" asked Mr. Ford.

"Work—for you?" she said weakly. "You mean it?"

"I do, and you will," said Mr. Ford, bringing the interview to a pat conclusion. Later she learned that his wife had seen her on a TV show the night before and had told him, "This girl has character as well as beauty," and John Ford, watching her, knew that he wanted her to play the spunky frontier girl opposite John Wayne in "The Searchers."

Things happened fast after that. Alfred Hitchcock signed her to a five-year con-

tract, and her future was as assured as though she'd bought a controlling interest in the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce.

It's logical that a girl who's had to use her head all her life would still retain the habit of thinking sensibly, even though her life has turned glamorous. In April, 1956, she married Gordon Scott, the screen's husky young "Tarzan." She had met him when she was his leading lady, but she went with him for two years before she decided to marry him.

The impact of her parents' tragic marriage and her own teenage mistake was so strong that she didn't want to marry again until she was absolutely sure it was right.

It took Gordon two years to talk her into becoming his wife, even though she knew she was very much in love with him long before then.

Because her strongest obsession as a child was to get out of the drab flat she and her mother lived in, the first thing she and Gordon did was to buy the largest home they could afford in the Valley. It has 11 rooms and sits in the middle of a two-acre orchard. It was an old house that needed a lot of re-doing so they were able to pick it up at a steal. They didn't throw their money around. Vera, who'd sewn her own dresses when she was nine, made up the draperies. Gordon, who's a do-it-yourself man, worked on cabinets and helping the workmen knock out walls. Vera wants the rooms to be large and light, another throwback to the days when she vowed she'd get out of the hole in the wall.

Although she is small-boned and has Dresden doll features, she is as strong as a stevedore. The only quarrels she and Gordon have had have been over her tendency to haul furniture around while he is gone. When he comes home and sees the piano sitting where the sofa was in the morning, he tells Vera impatiently, "But, honey, that's what I'm supposed to do around here. I'm the man in the family, remember. . . ."

And Vera laughs. "It's that dreadful independence of mine," she told me. "I'm so used to doing for myself, I still can't get in the habit of asking anyone to do anything for me—not anything."

Adding joy to her life was the birth last year of a son, Mike, who fills the house with laughter.

Although life is golden today, the past is always part of her. And for that she's glad. Poverty and worry gave her the driving power to make her life a success. Early hardships etched character in that beautiful, young face of hers. Beauties are a dime a dozen in Hollywood. With Vera it's more than the perfection of her features, the sex appeal in her figure. It's the depth and force in her personality that makes her stand out in a field rampant with beauties.

All those childhood fears are gone now, as though they were ghosts made of smoke. But they helped make her the woman she is today.

END

The Girl Elvis Presley Will Marry

continued from page 23

"I think," she continued, "most people know Elvis is the survivor of a pair of twin babies. What they may not know is that his birth cost his mother all possibility of bearing the other children she and his father had hoped to have. So he's always felt he had to make up for it by being everything to his parents—and to the rest of the world—that those unborn brothers and sisters might have been. That's a heavy load and quite different from the way the average only child feels about the gift of life.

"This leads up to my next point. The girl who becomes Mrs. Presley should want to have lots of kids. Elvis does."

Elvis' critics are few, but when they go into action they're about as noisy a crew as ever attacked a public figure. And, Jan asserts, his wife is going to have to be able to take this in stride.

Whatever his detractors happen to be criticizing him for at any given time, their ultimate squawk, sneer or outraged scream always turns out to be that he over-sells sex—a commodity known to have flourished with considerable success long before Elvis came on the scene.

Sure Elvis is sexy, but that doesn't prove he's an evil influence. Not unless there is something evil about the rhythm that makes the world go around. Elvis is the personification of this rhythm. Even when he's merely standing and talking to you, his foot taps . . . his body moves . . . he's rhythm in the raw.

"When we were working together," Jan recalled, "Elvis and I were having lunch one day at the Paramount commissary, where our producer, Hal Wallis, was seated at a nearby table. Elvis, as usual, was tapping away and swaying to his ever-present rhythm while he ate. Pretty soon Mr. Wallis came over.

"What's the matter, Elvis?" he asked. "What's this foot tapping?"

"Elvis gave him one of those slow, shy smiles and said, 'Mr. Wallis, when that foot stops moving—then's the time you've got to worry!'

"After he gets over his first shyness with people, Elvis likes nothing better than to surprise—and be surprised by—them. That's the way his wife had better like it, too. He loves an unexpected gag.

"For a long time I had been pestering him for some pictures to pass out among my friends—who were pestering me for them. He always made up some excuse. No pictures. Well, before Elvis went into the Army, Dolores Hart gave me a surprise birthday party, and do you know what Elvis brought along for me? A marvelous camera—so I could take those darn pictures myself and get it over with. The snapper-surprise came later, when he handed me a batch of autographed photos of himself so I wouldn't have to 'waste' my own film on him!

"Besides liking surprises, his wife will

do well to have a sense of humor, too, and get a kick out of teasing and practical jokes. But she need never be afraid that the teasing will be mean or the practical jokes cruel. Remember he can't stand hurting anybody.

"His bride ought to have initiative without aggressiveness. I saw one girl bulldoze herself right out of a possible date with Elvis when she made a pitch for him to take her out on the town less than five minutes after she had been introduced to him. He was very polite about his refusal and didn't embarrass her, but he never went out with her, either.

"I don't think Elvis' wife need necessarily be a big brain. I do believe, though, that she should have a good head and an interest in learning, because Elvis himself has a tremendous capacity for growth and development. He has nowhere near reached his peak yet.

"While we were making 'King Creole' I saw him in the process of development and maturing. In front of my eyes, he was growing from a boy to a man. He was aware of it and recognized the change that was going on in him.

"Before this," he said, "I just did my pictures and that was that! Now I want to work so hard. I want to be so good!"

"Another thing Elvis' ideal wife will need is to be appreciative. It will be one more bond between them. Once when he was about to do a scene in which he was supposed to express his appreciation to a big audience for giving him a break, our director, Mike Curtiz, wanted to rehearse him in his lines. Elvis, in his polite way, asked to be allowed to do the scene without following the script.

"I know what this is," he said. "I know how to thank people." And he ad libbed the entire thank-you speech in one take.

HIS appreciation of other people's abilities and achievements is enormous. I'll never forget the day a mutual friend told him that Marlon Brando had said he'd 'like to meet this kid Elvis.' As it happened, Marlon was lunching at the studio that day and we urged Elvis to stop at his table and say hello as we were leaving the cafe. He ducked his head, and like a kid taking a dare, he marched over and tapped Brando's shoulder.

"He just barely managed a hesitant 'hello.' Then Marlon stood up to shake hands and exchange a few words. It was all too much for Elvis. He got completely tongue-tied and scrambled. Quick.

"He needs a girl who will understand this little boy quality in him and not mistake his natural shyness with strangers for lack of self-respect. He'll also need loyalty and faithfulness without end. No playing around for him or the wife he ought to have."

Jan, who is co-star of one of the newest science-fiction thrillers, "The Attack Of



THE GIRL who'll become Mrs. Presley will have to want a lot of kids, for Elvis does.

The Giant Leeches," protests against any of that best-friend bunk about her relationship with Elvis. "Let's say I'm part of the multi-patterned patchwork quilt that makes up the design of his life," she proposed, "and that I'm glad I was there to take my place in the period of transition before he entered the Army.

"These are just some of the things Elvis and I spoke about when the talk turned, as it so often did, to his one-of-these-days marriage. Sometimes when we talked over the pros and cons, I'd give him advice. Mostly, though, I agreed with his ideas. Lots of people would be surprised at how well he knows himself and how right he is about what kind of a wife he ought to have. But even Elvis can't know everything, and I don't believe he wants to. After all, a guy's entitled to a few eye-openers in his marriage, even when he's like Elvis and has an uncanny way of knowing what's right for him.

"When he gets married he'll be surprised that in some mysterious way his taste in clothes is changed. He'll wake up one fine day and find that he's forgotten to worry about being alone any more. He'll remember with a smile that security is no longer a problem for him. Just another word in the dictionary.

"Most of all, I'm sure he'll be amazed to discover that the girl he married is not simply a girl, but a woman. This truth will come to him like dawn out of a dark sky: You give things to a girl and that makes her glad. Very, very glad. But a woman's greatest joy comes from offering the gift of happiness only she can bring to her husband."

The Number One entertainer of the world must have learned quite a lot about marriage from this young actress who preferred to interrupt her career at a critical stage and have a baby, rather than give her home life second place to the spotlight sweepstakes.

It makes you understand why Elvis once told Jan, "If I'd ever had a sister, I hope she would have been just like you!" **END**



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Bill Holden's Double Life

continued from page 51

who questioned his judgment and criticized him, merely proved they still don't know what Bill is about."

In earlier Hollywood days when he was given those "boy-next-door" parts that branded him with a "no sex appeal" label, they overlooked Bill Holden's rich but dry humor. It sneaks up when you least expect it and it sneaked up on Bill last year when he was in Europe. A chance tongue-in-cheek remark set off a small bomb that backfired beyond expectation.

During an interview, Bill was being that casual, outgoing, delightful guy who had escaped the burdens of Hollywood. For fun, and like a small boy instigating a controversial reaction, he popped off about women. European women, he said in effect, were less dominating than Hollywood women and therefore were much more companionable. The gentlemen of the press are Bill's friends, but by then, used to his viewpoints on more weighty subjects. This was too good a chance to miss and Bill Holden, who avidly avoids contrived publicity, landed in newspapers throughout two continents!

"No one stopped to remember," grins Bill that I have been married to a wonderful American girl for 18 years. She has given me two fine sons and a daughter (by a first marriage) and I can't even visualize a happier life than the one we've had together. I knew I'd get ribbed for comparing women, but I didn't think anyone would take it so seriously. It must have startled those in Hollywood who have always accused me of being dull copy!"

In addition to his thirst for greater knowledge, the spirit of adventure that drives Bill to strange ports of call has a practical side too.

"There are so few pictures being made in Hollywood these days," Bill once said, "and the way it's been working out, most of the good roles come along in pictures being made out of the country. No man likes to be away from home all but six weeks out of a year. It happened to me, but what can you do when you have a family to support? You have no choice, but believe me when you're in far off primitive countries, working in steaming, infested jungles, you learn to appreciate what you've left behind."

"I have a knack for attracting the worst possible location sites and we're usually working there the wrong time of year. You can bet, if there are poisonous snakes, infectious tropical plants and contagious diseases—that's where I'll be! If I win my court case and am permitted to make 'The Horse Soldiers,' I wonder what that location will be like!"

Bill found out, of course, because he did emerge triumphant from the legal entanglement that threatened his appearing in a film other than a Paramount property. By the time he returned home from the location and although his wife joined him,



BILL knows what he wants and it isn't all Cadillacs, swimming pools and mansions.

their own wonderful home in North Hollywood looked like paradise.

"I hate lawsuits and studio suspensions," says Bill. "All I ask is to make good pictures and I'm happy to work for any company if it comes up with a fine script. It was a great experience working with John Wayne and for director John Ford and this is one of my best roles. But of course, I ran into my usual luck when we went to the Louisiana swamps to shoot most of the scenes."

"The days were cold, damp and muddy. Sometimes the rain came down in black sheets. We got up every morning at 6:30 and drove 80 miles out from Shreveport to the wooded swamp. They had hip boots and snake bite kits for everyone and while we huddled there waiting for the mist to rise, champagne could never taste as good as our hot coffee. I don't see how this picture can miss, so what we went through making it isn't important."

According to present plans, the Bill Holdens will remain in their current house until sons Scott and West go to college and daughter Virginia marries. Then they'll probably sell and lease a Hollywood apartment for home base. They intend to travel and with so many projects in mind, they'd like to own an apartment in Tokyo to live in when Bill's working there in a film.

Although he doesn't admit it, Bill's friends feel his days as an actor are numbered—by his own choice. The truth is, Bill the actor, has always felt apologetic to himself. Despite his great success in acting, he rebels inwardly against being an actor for all the usual implications implied. On rare occasions when he takes score and sums up his life, Bill humorously observes:

"No one forced me to be an actor and I'm grateful for my luck. You know, back at the beginning, my dad always wanted me to come in with him and learn the fertilizer business. Sometimes when the going gets real rough, I wonder if I shouldn't have listened to Dad and accepted his offer. Who knows!" **END**

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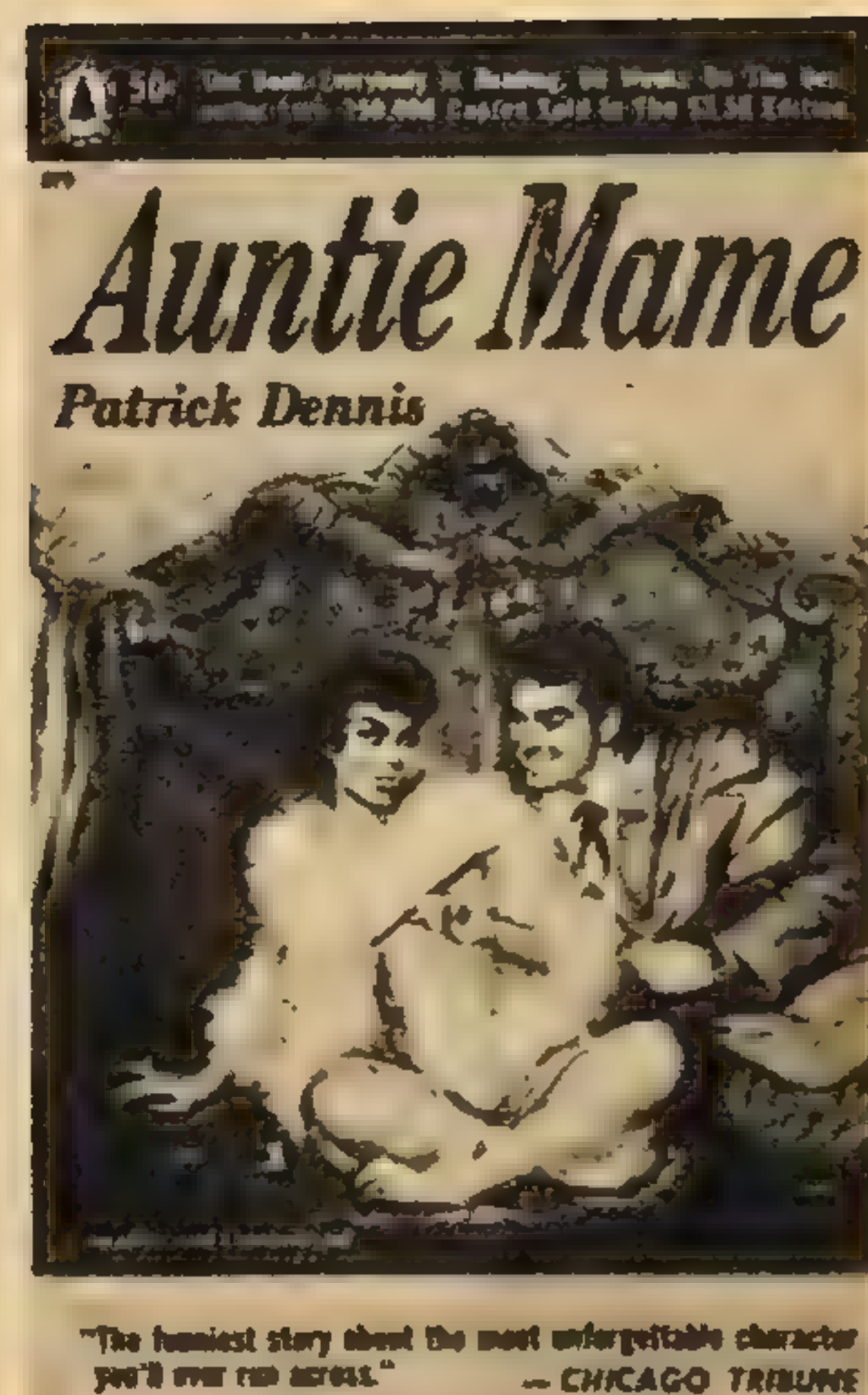
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The Man Who Runs Up Hills

continued from page 43

producers of the show have had it mimeographed and sent around to all the writers. In fact, it's much more complete and colorful than the biography NBC has put out on Horton himself."

Bob had cleverly made Flint his baby, so his next step was to hire his own press agent. "No, my head size didn't suddenly expand," Bob laughed. "But it was only natural that most of the news sent out on 'Wagon Train' would be about Bond. He was known and I wasn't. My film and TV roles since 1951 haven't been the kind that turns one into a star."

As for the forthright, outspoken Ward Bond, he was unperturbed. "There's no feud between Bob and me," he said. "I've got a lot of respect for this boy as an actor. In fact, I'm the guy who picked him for the part in the first place."

And since Bob was to be co-starred, he wisely saw to it that he got some of the sweets of stardom. He asked that his name be put on a chair for him on the sound stage where the show is filmed. He also requested—and got—a special parking space reserved for him on the studio lot. "These things may seem silly any place else," Bob said, "but I've discovered they're important in Hollywood."

For that matter, the stubborn Mr. Horton has always fought—or tried to fight—for his rights, even if it meant being tagged a maverick. If confidence was needed, he had it, or he put up a confident front. Not long ago, columnist Hedda Hopper remarked, "When I met Bob Horton at a Gary Cooper party some years ago, he was a pretty confident young man. 'Keep your eyes on me, Hopper,' he said. 'I'm going to be a big star.' And by golly, he's made good. He's the life and soul of 'Wagon Train.'"

But most of all he's been a rebel—at times, an obstinate, hot-headed one—since childhood. He's a native Californian, born in Los Angeles, July 29, 1924; but between the ages of ten and 14, young Meade Howard Horton's life was a nightmare of pain, operations, physical breakdowns and emotional disturbances so lacerating that it was only a few years ago he became free of them. That was when an analyst to whom he had been going for almost four years, shook his hand, smiled and said, "Bob. I'm happy to tell you that you don't need me any longer."

The kidney ailment, which first laid him low at ten, required two years of weekly trips to a doctor's office. It also brought the youngster the loss of physical strength and memories of pain he still shudders to recall. Finally there was an operation. The operation was successful, but within a few months he was again forced to the hospital with an emergency appendectomy. "Those were the years," Bob remembers now, "when the family doctor or my parents were usually tell-

ing me, 'You can go out and play now, son, but take it easy.'"

This only added fuel to his rebel nature. "I thought, like most kids, that my parents didn't understand me," Bob said. "Everybody at home was picking on me."

The Hortons were a family of doctors, lawyers and other professionals; they were also Mormons and held devoutly to their religion. Bob's older brother Creighton was thrown up to him as a model of decorum; and it infuriated the younger boy when some member of his staid and prosaic family said, "For goodness' sake, Meade, why must you become an actor?"

"But I didn't want to be trained for a 'sober, staid' profession," says Horton. "I wanted something else. Out of sheer frustration I ate so much I ballooned out to over 200 pounds. I guess my family's lack of encouragement really hurt me. So I sloughed off school, did a lot of crazy things. I'm not proud of the antics I pulled as a youngster, but something inside of me forced me into mischief. I even ran away from home at 16, but I didn't get far. Used up all my money."

He was still a teenager when the War came; he enlisted in the Coast Guard and served for several years. For two years after his discharge he worked as a cook, dishwasher, restaurant cashier and in other menial jobs to "find himself." At 22, he was old enough to know better, but he was still getting into mischief. Then he jumped into a hasty marriage. The girl was a non-professional, a quiet miss named Mary Katherine Job. Horton was just too hot for anyone to handle; his fiery temper turned minor irritations into major explosions. The marriage didn't have a chance. Today Bob still speaks of Mary with affection. "Mary and I see each other now and then," he says. "About 85 percent of the breakup was my fault. I was too immature to know what I was doing."

Yet, somehow, Bob managed to get a little sense into his head. He made up his mind to study dramatics, entered the University of Miami, then transferred to UCLA, where he completed the four-year course in two years and nine months. He also graduated with honors. By this time he had adopted the simpler "Robert Horton," (probably still in rebellion against his family), then managed to snare a minor acting role in a comedy called "I Give You My Husband," at the Jewel Box Theatre.

"It paid me exactly nothing," Bob revealed. "They gave me the part because it called for red hair. Still, I enjoyed that role just as much as if I were doing it perfectly, which I wasn't. I was searching, throwing my weight around, trying to find myself in it."

Even so, there was still no rousing demand for Robert Horton, with or without red hair. He knocked around for

several years, getting a TV spot here and there. His prospects turned so bleak that he finally took a job as a greeter in an all-night restaurant, spending his days in search of TV jobs. Finally he landed a small part in "Suspense," and then a couple of even bigger roles because he had impressed the director. He went from bit player to star in three weeks.

Now the film studios began bidding for Horton, though only a short time earlier, he couldn't get inside a studio gate. He landed a Warner Bros. contract which lasted for one film, a Fox deal which ran for two, and finally was signed by MGM, where he did seven pictures in two years.

"I got real hot after my first couple of pictures," Bob said. "Don't ask me how you get hot, or why, but you know it immediately. People started clapping me on the back and calling me 'Mr. Horton.' All over the lot they were searching for a new Gable. Then, just as suddenly, I got cold. I was plain Bob Horton and was put into a production unit that made only one good picture—and without me in it."

By now he was ready, or thought he was, for another try at marriage—this time to Barbara Ruick, a young actress who had appeared in "Carousel." The two eloped to Las Vegas for a Flamingo Chapel wedding in 1953, but again the combination was too explosive to last.

Miss Ruick was seemingly not aware that another girl had once said of Bob, "I never know what to expect from him from one time to another. I doubt if any woman will. Bob fits no pattern. He seldom even looks the same twice. He is as inconsistent as the moon."

The second Mrs. Horton testified in the divorce proceedings that her husband was "a completely self-centered person." Barbara had filed suit twice in seven months, after various reconciliations, and in court she said, "He wouldn't come home when I expected him to. When I went with Bob to the opening of one of his plays, and later to a party to celebrate it, he gave all his time to other people. I was cast aside like a stranger." The divorce was granted April 28, 1956, on the grounds of mental cruelty.

All Bob will say of his second marriage is, "Barbara and I should never have married. We were meant to be good friends—but never husband and wife."

These days, his most frequent dates are with actress Nina Foch, who is the same age as Bob—34. They have much in common: a love of the theatre, a passion for dogs, a mutual distaste for senseless chit-chat. They get along well together, and both know what it is to have been divorced. But Bob denies that theirs is a serious romance. "I've gone out with Nina quite a lot and like her very much," he says, "but the report that

we are getting married is far from true."

Not that "Wagon Train's" romantic trail scout is opposed to marriage. One of his closest friends remarked, "Bob doesn't mind his bachelor life, but he really misses not being married and not having children. He feels depressed when he sees his brother Creighton, who's a doctor, and his family. 'I'd like to have what Creighton has,' Bob has often said. But he's been badly hurt several times, and he doesn't care too much for Hollywood girls. They're anxious to go out with Bob Horton, the actor, not Bob Horton, the man. That's why I think the woman he marries will be someone not in the picture business."

If it were up to the ladies who keep his phone ringing, Bob would probably be married tomorrow. Since his success with "Wagon Train," there's hardly a moment when his phone doesn't ring, or his mail box isn't stuffed with perfumed love letters. Teenagers phone, pretend they want a "Dexter" or a "Jimmy," and breathe heavily when they hear Bob's voice. Their little subterfuges amuse Horton, but he's not above suggesting in a kind way that they cut it out. The fan mail is another problem—at least in one way—and Bob has had to admonish some of the more aggressive correspondents who suggest dates that he doesn't go out with people he hasn't met.

continued on page 70

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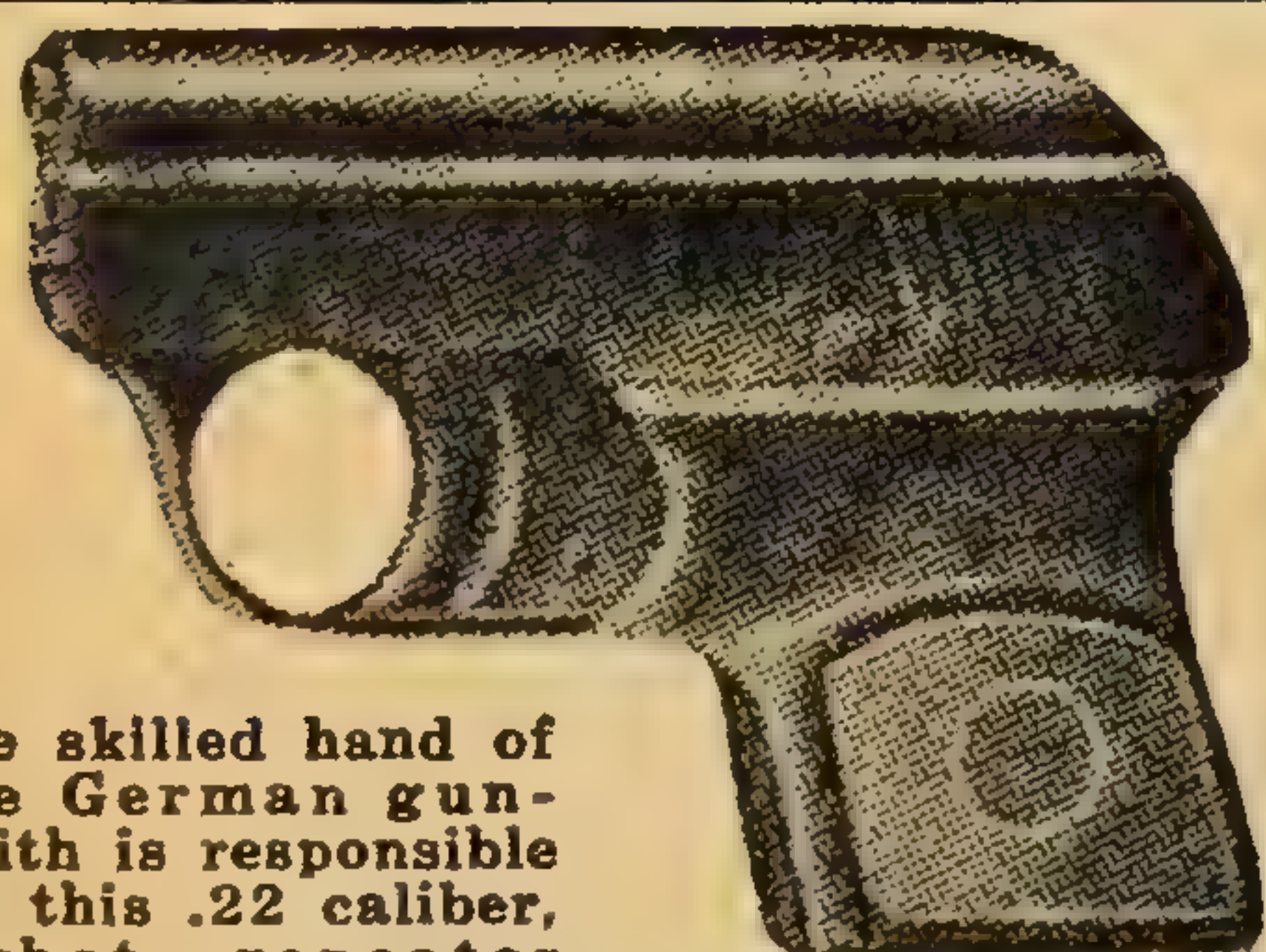
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THE MAN WHO RUNS UP HILLS

continued

"The most astonishing note," said Bob, grinning ruefully, "was one I got a few days ago. 'Dear Mr. Horton,' it began, 'I would like to apply for the position of your housekeeper, dear!' Now what do you do with a thing like that?"

"Indians and rustlers Bob can cope with," a friend laughed, "but eager-beaver dames are a different story."

Certainly, the way *not* to meet Bob Horton is to be aggressive and throw yourself at him. He does not like aggressive women riding herd on him. His philosophy is, "Don't call me; I'll call you." What's more, says Bob, "A man wants a woman around when he wants her around. If he finds out he wants her around all the time, he marries her—if she's willing. But it's the man who's got to pop the question, not the woman."

Yet with it all, Bob takes the huntresses and the avid letter writers with good humor. He is not flattered by his mere popularity as a top TV personality; he wants something more than that. Until he gets it, he's comfortable and happy in his odd little house, just big enough for himself, his French poodle, and his collection of furniture that combines African, Asian and Mexican art into something that's quite Early American. "If the guests turn out dull at parties," Bob laughed, "everybody can talk about the odd furniture."

When you go into his beamed living room, you have to squeeze between the arm of a modern love seat and the jib boom of a small ship model atop a pine chest. There's one table fashioned from a century-old butcher's chopping block, and a brick fireplace that holds a Franklin stove. There are ancient legal papers and handwritten contracts doubling as lamp shades. In Bob's bedroom upstairs sits a king-size four-poster, with antique cobblers' benches doing duty as night tables. But most of all, there is Bob's

famous coffee table, made of that bone-jarring ancient smithy's bellows. He found it one day at a Santa Monica antique dealer's back door, paid \$50 for it, spent almost a week scraping, staining and waxing it—and today you couldn't buy it from him for \$500.

"I know my visitors are inclined to bark their shins against this monster," Bob grins charmingly, "and some people have left here limping. But there's been no serious damage to my table so far."

It's all a joke, of course, because Bob is genuinely a gracious, friendly man, soft-spoken and courtly. Listening to his voice, you're not surprised to discover that he's also something of a singer, and wants to do a big musical. He is a lyric baritone; he has been studying zealously for years, and when he appears at a rodeo, he frequently sings before as many as 30,000 people.

"Nothing spectacular," says Bob. "Things like 'Don't Fence Me In,' 'Spurs That Jingle, Jangle,' or 'Wagon Wheels.' I usually pick up a guitar or drum accompaniment in the town. I can really sing when I work at it. But I'm going to have to quit smoking; it plays hob with my voice."

If Bob is still stubborn at times, it's because he knows that, for him, his stubbornness has been his salvation. He also believes he has the lines and the scars in his face to show that he has achieved a certain maturity. "This may sound cocky," he said, "but I really believe I'm close to being a mature man. I have few close friends, but they are good ones. And I have a better understanding of myself now through understanding people. I've discovered that you just can't run from trouble; you've got to face up to it and conquer it."

His way has been good for him, that's for sure. "Last year," Bob chuckled, "I went to New Orleans and a few people stopped me and said, 'Haven't I seen you somewhere on TV?' A couple of weeks ago I was there again, and they gave me the key to the city."

END

Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 17

ing "Say One For Me." Meantime, Lin and June Blair have written "finis" to their *Big Romance*. Lin has been dating Sandra Dee and Sally Tanner; June's new heartthrob is Dick Sargent and she was at the airport at 6 ayem to see him off for Florida and his new film, "Operation Petticoat."

DATA ON DATES—Now that George Nader has bowed out of the "Ellery Queen" TV series because it moved to New York, he'll have time for some dates and Martha Hyer is glad! . . . Tom Tryon is a happy lad—he gets a lead in Disney's feature, "Gold," and is dating

pretty socialite Ann Wilkes. . . . Gia Scala and Don Burnett know that Spring is in the air . . . Taina Elg, now getting a divorce, has been steady-ing with Keith Larsen . . . Tab Hunter continues to date Gary Cooper's daughter Maria . . . Ronnie Burns and Jo Morrow like dates at Marineland . . . Tommy Sands still plays the field but is very interested in Carol Lynley, newly arrived from Broadway . . . Mark Damon and Diane Baker have been doin' a lotta lunch datin' . . . Seems like love in bloom for Dorothy Johnson and Scott Brady; chums say this is the first time Scott has been "really shook up" about a girl!

END

"I've Got Nothing To Hide"

continued from page 37

that, insisting we all drive up to Connecticut and settle the matter right then.

"If I hadn't given up the opening, feeling as I did, I'd have been like a man who knows he has an upset stomach, but still goes to a banquet and then gets sick in the middle of the meal. Hardly fair to the other guests at the party. I couldn't take care of my responsibilities to the public unless I'd first taken care of my responsibilities to myself and the people I work with."

Tony told me about a fellow who began in pictures around the same time he did. "He was good-looking, bright and loaded with talent," he recounted. "But he cheated. With girls, money, the boss, and those bosses of the boss—the fans. I call the fans top boss over all," Tony commented, "because they're the ones who, in effect, hire the stars by buying seats at the movies."

"This misguided, double-dealing character insisted that hiding his offenses made them non-existent. He loved to yak about how the experts were off their rocker when they claimed 'there is no such thing as the perfect crime.'"

"How do they know?" he'd argue. "The only crimes they ever discover are the imperfect ones!" Maybe he had a point there, but the way things turned out, he wasn't the guy to make it. He finally got caught in a situation that put him out of the running as a public figure. Hollywood brass might have given him another chance, but their hands were tied. Like actors, directors and writers, they're working for the fans—and the fans turned thumbs down on the man they'd never trust again.

"I've found my nothing-to-hide policy the best insurance I could get against false rumors about me. It makes people give me the benefit of the doubt and encourages them to come directly to me for a straight answer about whatever is circulating on the rumor circuit."

This business of hiding out on the public and making a federal case out of the natural human need for a certain amount of solitude is so much malarky to Tony, who refuses to dramatize himself or put on an act for the sake of creating an effect.

"Could be I never feel any special urge for solitude because I'm alone as much as I need to be." Kidding, he assumed the satisfied air of a man settling an issue, and added in a matter of fact way, "When Janet takes her shower at night I'm alone in the bedroom for ten or fifteen minutes!"

"Seriously," he went on, "that just-before-lights-out time is a good one for thinking. For me, it's also the time to pray. Yes, I say prayers," he answered my questioning look. And I got the feeling that those moments of devotional prayer give Tony more healing, revealing



TONY'S never lost a friend, fan or movie role by sticking to his aboveboard policy.

help and enlightenment than hours of ordinary hiding away from people could bring him—or anyone else.

"Then there's the special kind of aloneness that comes with reading," he said. "You can be in a roomful of people and still be alone with a book."

"Sometimes, too, I leave the house a little early in the morning and drive up some strange street above Beverly Hills. It always leads me to a mountain top."

"I did that yesterday, and up there on my newest mountain peak, I got out of the car and looked around. Very quietly. Maybe I was thinking of something and maybe I wasn't. I can't remember. But I do know I took in a lot of aloneness that somehow prepared me—got me into shape—for a hectic day at the studio."

How accurate a picture does the public have of Tony, thanks to his philosophy of hiding nothing from them?

"I can't tell. I honestly don't know what the public image of me is," he confessed. "And I hope I never find out. I'm not being naive now. I'm perfectly truthful when I say I don't know what made me click when I got my chance, any more than I know why the public got all excited about the hula hoop. Who knows why? Not the hoop, that's for sure!"

"But I'm pretty certain I know what's the public image of Cary Grant, for example. It's probably just about the same as mine. You know what makes me think so? Because I'm the public, too."

"Before I got into pictures, I wanted to know everything I could find out about Cary Grant—where he was going for the holidays, how he was at sports, what his home life was like. So I can understand other people taking an interest in those things. What's more, I enjoy having them want to know all about me!"

"You can imagine what a great thing it is for me to be co-starring with Cary in 'Operation Petticoat' now. Tony glowed

continued on page 72

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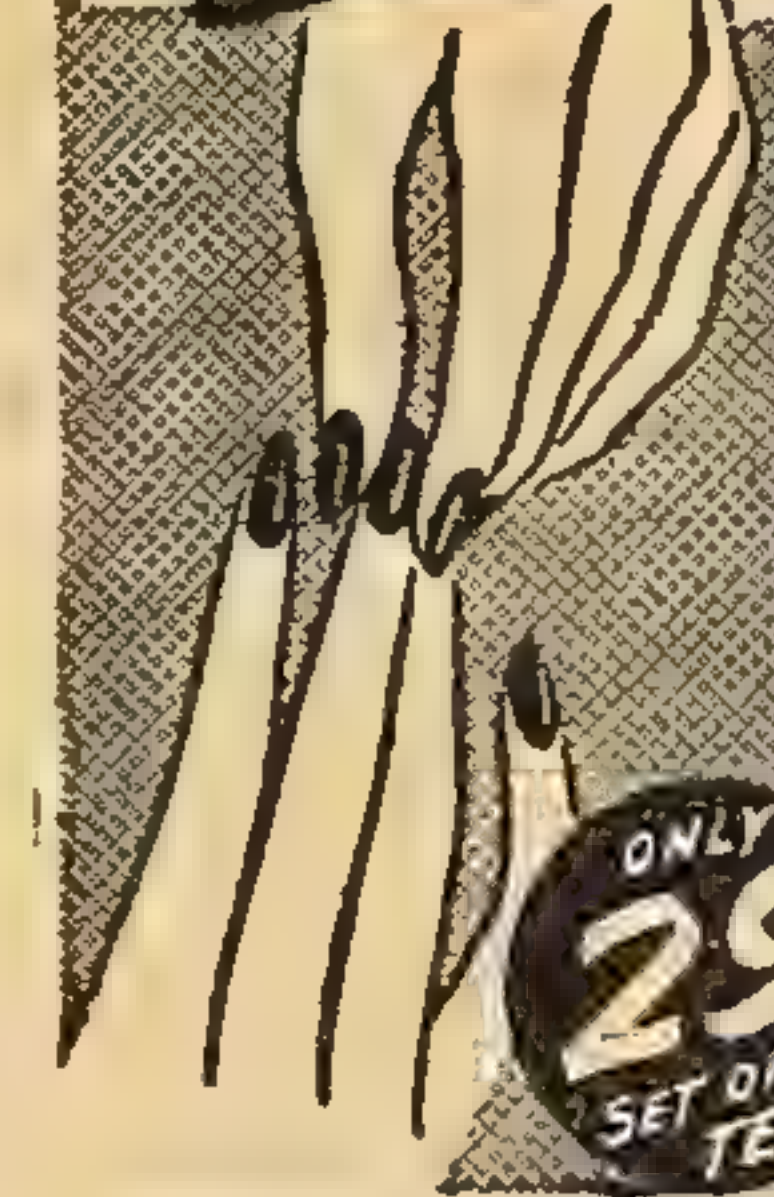
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"I'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE"

continued

like a kid who's copped the brass ring on the merry-go-round. Come to think of it, that's who he is, and that's why we all love him.

There have been occasions when the reactions of the public influenced Tony's subsequent actions. One such incident happened when he was getting his first solid foothold on fame. Putting up a bold front, he dug a foundation of courage on which to build a wish into reality.

"I'd been having trouble with a girl I was going with at the time," he explained. "You see, she kept *forgetting* she was going with me. I'd phone for a date and she'd say she had to go to a music lesson, or was expecting some girl friends, or that she was just plain busy. Anyhow, the way things were, I never got to see her at all.

"Then I went out on tour to plug a picture I was in, called 'Johnny Dark.' In one town a fellow came up to me and said, 'Gee, you were great with that girl in the picture. A real powerhouse. Strong stuff, the way you told her off and she jumped. That's the way to handle 'em.'"

"That was all I needed. In those few minutes he talked to me, I learned from this stranger what *he* had learned from *me*—or from the role I played, that is. When I got home I phoned my problem girl friend and laid it on the line. 'No more of that jazz about music lessons and being busy,' I told her, giving a fairly good imitation of myself in 'Johnny Dark.' It worked fine, and from then on we had all the dates I wanted."

It's hard to think of any girl ever having turned down Tony for a date, but if he says it happened, you can be sure

it did. You can also be sure it's the kind of story he seems to relish telling on himself. He is far less likely to talk about an incident like one I happened to witness in San Francisco several years ago.

The scene was the opening of a big feature film starring one personality who is still in the top ten on most polls, and another who might be forgotten by now if it weren't for the late late, old old movies on television. Tony himself wasn't in the picture. He'd merely been sent along by his studio to help plug it.

When the lights went up on the stage of the theatre where the gala premiere was taking place, Star Number One came out for a bow. He got a nice warm hand and retired smiling. Star Number Two stepped through the curtains, also received enthusiastic applause, and retired with similar success.

Then the m.c. introduced Tony and a great roar rocked the theatre. For a second, Tony looked shocked. He started to turn his head to see who in the world could be standing behind him, drawing that kind of a reception. Nobody, of course. But his future was right there in front of him, so close he could reach out and touch it.

No one has ever been able to analyze exactly what it is that endears one person to a limited circle of family and friends, while another person has inside him something that endears him to millions.

Perhaps the universally acclaimed stars possess qualities we all dream of having. Perhaps they don't actually have those qualities at all, but still can project the illusion of having them.

"Beats me, what it is," said Tony. "But I do know that a star like Cary Grant (See? Back to Grant! I told you he was an old hero of mine.)—well, a star like

continued on page 74

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"I'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE"

continued

Cary takes his special qualities lightly, with a sort of easy grace that makes everybody like him. Feel extra warm toward him."

Tony's right. But there's another element you can always find in the top-flighters. It's humility. And Tony has that. He's openly proud of himself when he does a good job. But he's just as frankly humble in his gratitude that he was able to do it. Nor is he inclined to cover up one attitude while exploiting the other.

His frankness about himself has neither

enhanced nor hurt his life, according to Tony. "Anybody whose life teeters between showing off to the public and hiding things from them, can't have much of a life," he asserted. "Maybe mine is a selfish way of looking at it, but I can't be bothered with either concealment or super-soul-baring. I just play it straight and so far that's been all right."

"Having so firmly established your life on this open-book basis," I asked, "do you think if you had something to hide, you could get by with it now?"

Tony tousled his crazy mixed-up hair and shook his head.

"No," he answered finally, "because I wouldn't know how to do it!" **END**

She Carries Spring With Her

continued from page 47

Connie that no girl had got a rock 'n' roll hit, he suggested, "Do one more song, just for me. Try an oldie, with a beat. Adults will like it and the kids can dance to it."

He chose "Who's Sorry Now?". When Connie went on Dick Clark's "American Bandstand" on New Year's Day, 1958, she was ready to say she was the sorry one. Competing with the annual crop of Christmas music, the record was slow to sell. Connie says, "I thought it was another flop. I planned to go home and mail my tuition check to Rutgers."

On January 1, 1959, she made an anniversary appearance on "Bandstand" to tell Dick Clark, "This is the show that turned the tide. Everything happened. I got a hit, night club bookings, tours, a trip to Britain, and two more gold records for 'Stupid Cupid' and 'My Happiness.'"

Connie's bright combination of spunk and graciousness won the hearts of the British. Following one of her first London concerts, fans and police were having a bit of a rumble at the stage door. Officers were forcibly pushing back the crowd and commanding, "Get out of here."

Eyes flashing, Connie stepped up to the nearest bobby. "You shouldn't treat my friends this way."

"Go back inside, Miss. You'll get hurt," the officer cautioned.

"Nonsense," said Connie. "They just want my autograph."

Happily, she signed and chatted with the kids. When she was ready to go to her car, the crowd parted and she swept through, regal as The Queen herself. "There's no need for a disturbance," said Connie firmly.

Manager George Scheck and her father have carefully selected her bookings. Either her mother or her secretary, Joyce Becker, always travels with her. Even though they have all been protective, there have been adventures. Connie says, "Chicago seems to be my hoodoo. Last summer, returning from there, my plane

caught fire. Then in December, when I played the Howard Miller show in Chicago and next day went down to Springfield, I got caught in a blizzard. I had to be in Pittsburgh the next day. Planes were grounded and train schedules didn't fit. Fortunately, Jack Scott had the same booking, so we hired a taxi to take us into Chicago. His father was with him, and Joyce was with me. Jack played his guitar and we sang all the way. Taxi fare was seventy dollars, but we had fun."

Possibly Connie's most serious romance to date has been with Bobby Darin. They went steady for a year—the discouraging, pre-success year. How much professional worries had to do with their breakup, neither is willing to discuss. Bobby says, "Connie and George Scheck helped me get started."

Connie recalls, a bit wistfully, the rainy evening at the bus station when she loaned Bobby that seventy cents to go home and then had just enough money to pay her own fare. Bobby had covered his wounded pride by saying defiantly, "You'll see, Connie. Some day we're going to drive past here in the biggest white Cadillac that's made and there will be a monogram 'B&C' on the door."

Dreams of that joint "B&C" have ended, but Connie says fondly. "He was right about our having hits. Wasn't it nice that 'Splish-splash' and 'Who's Sorry Now?' went up on the charts at the same time?"

To current romance questions, Connie has a stock reply. Her eyes dance as she says, "Oh, I'm in love . . ." Then she adds, "There's a movie actor on the West Coast, and a stage star in the East, and a singer on tour in between . . ."

At the moment, Connie wants to be in love with a different boy each week, "because right now I'm so in love with show business that I don't want to get serious about anyone."

The only authentic document of the state of her affections is her own diary. She has kept one for seven years. She

keeps the present locked volume with her and writes in it every night.

Connie's diary habit evoked a hit song the evening that the young composing team, Neil Sedaka and Howard Greenfield, who authored Connie's gold record, "Stupid Cupid," brought a group of new songs to her home.

Connie motioned them to the piano. "Go ahead and try them out. I can listen and write at the same time."

Neil and Howie teased her, asking to see the diary. Connie was indignant. "What I write is my own secret." The boys set it to music, Neil recorded the song himself and thereby got his own first hit record.

Connie, who hopes her future will hold movie roles and a TV show of her own, insists that she won't marry "for years yet." She defines her objective, "When I do, I want to be just like my grandmother. She's a wonderful character. She was 92 on Christmas day, but she still goes on moonlight cruises and picnics with the kids because she doesn't like old people. She had 16 children. I'll settle for 12."

It could be that Connie means it. She has just persuaded her father to permit her to join him in the purchase of a new ranch house in Bloomfield, New Jersey. "It's the only argument I ever won with Dad," she says. "All by himself, he wanted to buy a small house which would now have room enough, but which also wouldn't be too big for mother and him when my brother and I married and moved away. I wanted to share the cost and buy a place which would continue to be our family home for years to come. It took me six months to convince him, but we got the big house. Whatever happens next, this is my home." **END**



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